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The SPHERE

Vol. CXXIII. No. 1614 DEC. 27, 1930. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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THE SPHERE

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

With which is incorporated BLACK & WHITE

Volume CXXIII. No. 1614 Price One Shilling. Postage { Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.: Foreign, 2½d. } London, December 27, 1930

The LITTLE PEOPLE COME to TOWN for Christmas

The famous Falu troupe of midgets, which is appearing at the Bertram Mills Circus at Olympia is seen above at the foot of Cleopatra's Needle, in the shadow of the Sphinx couchant at the monument's foot. The midgets' band, which is so popular an entertainment, is shown in action. Christmas is, by tradition, the festival of the "Little People," whether it be the very young or the gnomes of German legend, who emerge from their subterranean retreat at the festive season. It is only fitting that Yuletide should be dedicated to the little people, for the whole moral and religious force of Christianity is, in its highest aspect, the great buttress of the weak against the strong.

A London Newsletter

A Happy Xmas, 1930.—In wishing THE SPHERE readers a happy Christmas, I am anxious to follow that time-honoured custom without bitterness or cynicism. I will not here anticipate what I mention later on as to the atmosphere of depression with which we said goodbye to 1929 and of hope with which we greeted 1930. At the same time, there is no use in labouring the point that we are passing through a very dark hour. Possibly it is that darkest hour which precedes the dawn. Possibly we shall see a darker yet. "The sun has set," Mr. Inglesant said cheerfully (on a notable occasion), "but it will rise again. Come let us go home." No doubt it will rise again, perhaps in our time. Let us imitate Mr. Inglesant and go home and amuse the children. That is an obvious and everlasting duty.

The Year's Review.—It is a custom—and a convenient custom—to provide in the last Newsletter of the year a summary of the past year's salient events, and to give the year a label in the kaleidoscope of modern history. Time plays queer tricks nowadays and it is difficult to place in proper sequence even the most important events of the past months. The label for 1930 might be "woman's year," for in the past twelve months the triumphs of women in many fields have been quite remarkable. And a more gloomy and ample label might be "the year of depressions, adventures, disasters, and conferences." Of disasters, we can recall Paisley, Ohio Prison, Meopham, the American heat-wave, the Italian earthquake, world floods, *R 101*, German mining horrors, Japanese earthquake, Belgian fog. Of conferences, the London Naval, the Imperial, the Round Table, the *R 101* inquiry, and endless economic, industrial, and Government conferences.

Events We Discussed.—The Italian Exhibition at Burlington House gave 1930 a bright send-off. At the start of the year that great show and the Delhi outrage shared our attention. Then came the opening by the King of the Naval Conference; the Paisley disaster followed; the Prince left for South Africa; Hatry was sentenced; and the Liberal Party washed some dirty linen. The fall of Primo de Rivera and Lord Beaverbrook's United Empire Party were the first conversational counters in February. For the rest there were the "Conversation" pictures at Sir P. Sassoon's. In March Lord Balfour died and Charles Whibley and Lord Coventry. Gandhi issued his ultimatum, and Hearst made his anti-British outburst. In April we mourned Albani, Bridges, and Frau Wagner. Mr. Snowden presented his gentle budget, Cosgrave was "lost and found." Bishop Barnes was in contempt, and the American prison horror in Ohio rent our hearts. May was a month of achievement—the Duchess of Bedford flew to India, Amy Johnson's flight was the first thrill of the age, the Zepp. flew to South America, Sir O. Mosley resigned, Masefield was crowned laureate, the Charing X bridge scheme was dropped, and Archbishop Davidson died.

High Summer.—In June the Aga Khan, the year's champion among owners, took his first Derby with Blenheim. Carol was restored to his loyal Rumanians. Test Fever was rampant. Mr. Thomas flitted to the Dominions' Office. The Simon Report was widely discussed. Henry Segrave was killed. Ascot was drowned out. There was a Thanksgiving Service at St. Paul's for the King's recovery, and Bobby Jones swept the board, or fairway. With July came the Simon recommendations. Mr. Baldwin belaboured the Press lords. The Rhineland was, finally evacuated. Don Bradman burst on the world of English cricket, and Test-match boredom became a certifiable disease. The unemployment mark reached 2,000,000. There were Wafdist riots in Egypt, the great earthquake in Italy, and the great heat-wave in America which caused 3,000 deaths. There was also the Meopham air disaster which cast a gloom over the last week of the London Season. With August came Amy Johnson home to boost *The Daily Mail* at Croydon. *R 100* crossed the Atlantic. Australia won the Ashes. Princess Margaret Rose arrived to terminate Mr. Clynes' vigil at Airlie. There was perpetual rain and the world was the poorer by the deaths of Marion Terry and the Duke of Northumberland.

Autumn Topics.—In September we shot (or nursed) our grouses. We lost the polo and the America Cup, and took a mild interest in Hitler's coup. October was a month of ill-omen. On the top of the *R 101* disaster came two appalling mining disasters in Germany. We mourned Lord Birkenhead. There was the Revolution in Brazil. And the Imperial Conference. The only relief was Kingsford-Smith's ten-day flight to Australia. November brought warm summer weather and innumerable conferences. The Imperial, the *R 101* Inquiry, the Round Table, and political, party, economic, industrial, and official conferences galore. And December brought the mining crisis and the Spanish Revolution, the French political crisis, the floods, and the fogs, and the end of a perfect year.

Some Books of the Year.—The year has been notable for me for the interest of new publications which came to notice. I speak only of personal interest and not as a judge of literary merit, for which I am not cut out. Of serious books I place first Trevelyan's *Blenheim*, Vol. I of his *Age of Anne*; Spears' *Liaison*: Davies' *Man and His Universe*; Yeats-Brown's *Bengal Lancer*; Queen Victoria's letters; Sassoon's *Infantry Officer*, and the novel *Kristin Lavransdatter*. All of these are books to buy and keep and re-read. Of lighter works, I got a great deal of pleasure from Winston Churchill's sprightly and incredible earlier adventures, from *The Water Gypsies*, *The Fool of the Family*, *Miss Mole*, and *Rose Anstey*. *The Water Gypsies* is worth buying; your daughters will enjoy it when they come out. And it is a far more severe and effective moral lesson than *The Fairchild Family*.

One Year and the Next.—Just out of curiosity I have turned up my files of the "Newsletter" to recapture the atmosphere of last New Year. It is with regret and extraordinary surprise that I note my conclusion that, whatever 1930 might bring forth, it could hardly attain the record of disaster, failure, and gloom which (save for the weather) marked out 1929 for opprobrium. 1930 has pulled it off. It has achieved the impossible. Then (I note) I prophesied for you at Christmas, 1929, and my prophecies, which were of the conservative sort, have all been fulfilled. For this I take no more credit than would Old Moore. In fact not so much. We are both old campaigners and know the ropes. We are agreed that 1930 has been a notorious year. I will tell you on what I think its sinister reputation will rest in posterity's eyes. Since the War we have, if I may say so, been toying and flirting rather proudly and light-heartedly with the idea that we are living through times never so pregnant with change and in an age of iconoclasm without rival. In 1930 we came to realize and *to count the cost* of those changes in our institutions and manner of thought.

Significance of 1930.—To take a few instances we have in 1930 woken up to discover precisely what is implied by our boasted "interesting changes" in our conception of Empire, of the party system, of political economy, of religion, of sex. Willy nilly, the average Englishman has stood impotent to watch the great Dominions dictating to the Mother Country the new terms of equality on which they will continue to subscribe to a British Empire; he has seen the party system revealed as a mass of antiquated machinery inadequate to cope with unimagined conditions; he has observed all preconceived ideas on political economy thrown into a common melting pot, and the partisans of this or that idea picking out again from the pot, unrecognizable and unpalatable, their old cherished ideals; he has seen exactly what the jocose and pleasurable gossip about sex equality has come to mean—namely that men must now struggle to compete with women in those very fields of endeavour which ten years ago were the sacred preserves of men only. If there be any spark of truth in what I suggest, then that spark will set such a flame to 1930 that it will blaze like a meteor through time.

Another Testament of Beauty.—After the *Testament of Beauty* comes the *Book of Beauty* by a poet of a different kidney. I have held it in my hand and looked at its intriguing pages. Mr. Beaton is an artist of note, yet I am certain that I found the search for beauty even more difficult to pursue in Mr. Beaton's letterpress than in the obscure stanzas of the late laureate. I know that I startled a respectable Pall Mall Club, enjoying its after-luncheon sleep, with a sudden, raucous shriek of laughter, as I held that book on my knee. Why did I laugh? I think I suddenly pictured their intense anxiety, their terrific intrigues, their juggernaut endeavours to get a mention in that Debrett of Beauty. The little ladies were all agog.—And I laughed to think of all those truly beautiful dairymaids and nursemaids and shop girls who got no mention in Mr. Beaton's despatches. It is so like the War. The staff are all mentioned, the private soldier continues to dig trenches, and to carry on the War. "Heard songs are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter," that is my opinion. And I laughed because the types of beauty in Mr. Beaton's record are so gloriously diverse. But that is no doubt as it should be. To the true artist there is beauty in a butcher's shop and beauty in the brooding vulture and beauty in a pink blancmange. Well, there they all are, and this curious epoch of ours is carefully documented for posterity.

Death is So Horrid.—A disastrous year of sentimentalist rule is finally crowned with a fool's cap by the Rev. James Barr's one-sided representations in a futile report on capital punishment, which half England will refuse even to consider seriously. It is quite unreadable because it is irrelevant, diffuse, and unbalanced. Purporting to be the unanimous findings of an intelligent Select Committee, it is known to England to be the *idée fixe* of a number of sentimentalists and cranks with little practical experience of criminal psychology, and to be in fact the "findings" of a narrow majority of a very weak committee. For sheer cant, this babbling of the Rev. James Barr beats all. If England has one institution not yet ruined by Socialist sentimentality, it is her system of justice. The margin of error is infinitesimal. Justice is merciful, swift, humane. If Mr. Barr and his followers have forgotten Browne and Kennedy, England has not. These two men were perfect types of the post-war assassin. Nothing will deter the Brownes from killing, and it is essential that they should be exterminated. The Kennedys are cowards. Uninfluenced by stronger minds they will stop just short of murder from terror of the scaffold. They have no such dread of imprisonment. The list of murders unsolved grows ever longer. As *The Morning Post* aptly quoted, "Let the murderers begin this gesture of mercy." I take my stand with men of experience like Lord Darling and the late Lord Birkenhead. Not with Mr. Barr's briefless barristers.

Salesmanship.—The Prince's speech at Guildhall last week dotted the i's of two arguments propounded in recent "newsletters." The first was apropos of his visit to South America. In stressing the importance of that "trade delegation," I made the point that it is not impossible that by his own peculiar personal magnetism the Prince may, off his own bat, give that needed impetus to British trade in South America which has become stagnant through disappointment, lack of initiative, and failure to rationalise and modernise our methods of salesmanship. Already the Prince has shewn that he has it in him to achieve this miracle. No other man in England to-day has the same chance of bringing off a swift and solitary coup of this kind. And my second argument was apropos of salesmanship and public schoolboys. The vital point in British methods of salesmanship which requires root and branch reform is the choice of agents. These agents should ideally be principals; the principal should not sit at G.H.Q. His place is with the advance patrols. It is markets he wants. Till he find them, production can take care of itself. The ideal salesman or agent needs first authority, then knowledge, then address; that is, the power to speak to principals at the other end with authority and dignity, and in their own language. Salesmen must be big men, men of the world.

Parliament.—In anxiety and humiliation our minority Government has gained its respite over the Christmas holidays. It has just squeaked through, and its rest and revels will be qualified by the thought of gymnastics, still more stretching, which the reopening in January will demand if it is to retain its seat in the saddle. For the Trades Disputes Bill will come up for Second Reading early in the New Year, and the action of the Liberals over that Bill is by no means favourably decided. The last few days of Parliament have clearly shown that when Father George says "turn" it does not follow that all good Liberals turn. On the contrary, the confusion of the Liberal bed is worse confounded than ever before, and there is more than one single clear necessity which holds together so many strange bedfellows. I still look for political shocks, thrills, and fireworks before the snowdrops come. THE OLD STAGER.

A MYSTERY PLAY IN THE INNER TEMPLE: For the first time a mystery play was produced in the Inner Temple Hall on December 18th and 19th. The proceeds are to go to charity. The subject is the Nativity. Above is the scene of the Adoration of the Infant Christ, below the scene in the Manger

An Abortive REVOLUTION *in the Snow*

The Latest Views from Spain

THE GENESIS OF THE REVOLT: The entrance to the citadel of Jaca, where the revolutionaries first raised the standard of revolt in Spain. The outbreak was but short-lived and, according to the latest advices, is completely stamped out

THE IRON HAND ON THE REVOLUTION: Commander Estedo Mayor, with one of the officers whose prompt action quelled the outbreak

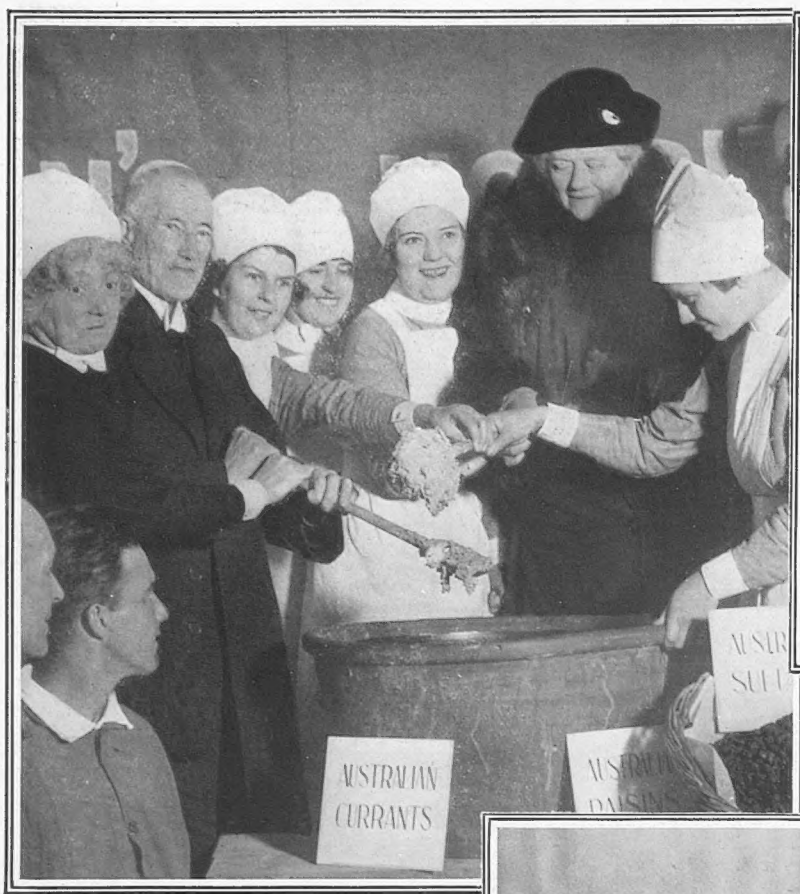
REFUGEES OF REVOLUTION: A group of women hurrying away from Cuatro Vientos, the site near Madrid of the aerodrome where fighting was seen

NOT SO QUIET ON THE BERLIN FRONT: One of the many meetings held in Berlin to protest against the official veto on the talking film of *All Quiet on the Western Front*. The veto was exercised under the influence of Hitler, who decries anything that smacks of defeatism; but the post-War spirit in Germany, though responsive to Nationalism, is by no means so jingo as certain sections of the Press would care to imply

THE SIAMESE AMBASSADOR: Prince Varnavaidya was received in Colombo by the Buddhist public as head of the British Maha Bodhi Society. His Highness who was accorded a reception, is seen above at the Vidgodaya Oriental College

CHRISTMAS at HOME :

Yuletide Functions Recorded in Pictures

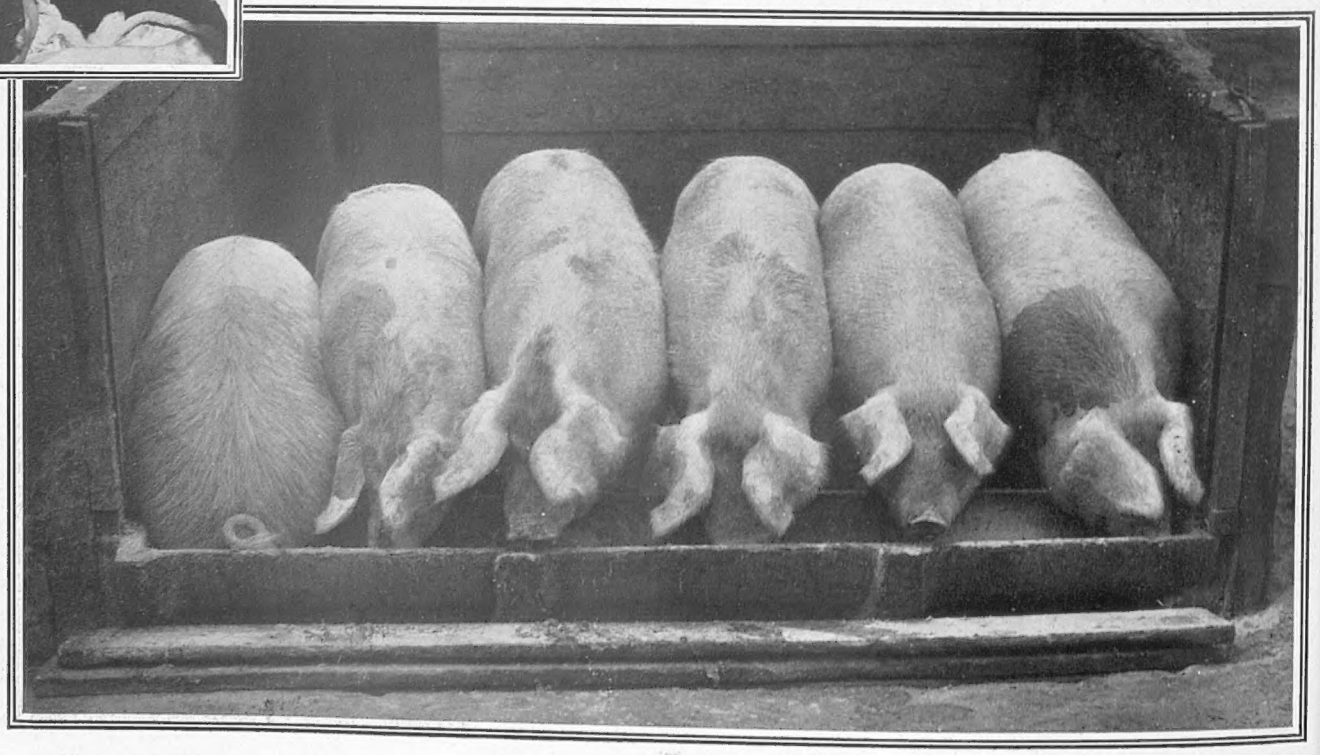


AT THE SEAMEN'S HOSPITAL, GREENWICH: Lady Olga Montagu and Captain Sir Arthur Clarke stir the puddings for which Australia sent the fruits as gifts

"GOOD KING WENCESLAS": Pupils in the Foundling Hospital School, Redhill (formerly situated in Bloomsbury), practise their Christmas carols in the traditional manner and the traditional costume

A LIBERAL OCCASION: Sir Herbert Samuel, Lady Rosebery, and Mrs. Wintringham (ex-Liberal M.P. for Louth) at the ball held at Claridge's in aid of the funds of the Women's Liberal Federation. Despite the political depression of the party, Liberals are personally showing great resilience

BOYS WILL BE GIRLS: D. T. B. Hall, a scholar of Hurstpierpoint College, makes a remarkably realistic lady in the production by the College Shakespeare Society of Richard III. *Mr. Hall played the Queen of Edward IV in a manner suitable to the traditions of the oldest school dramatic society in the country*



"ONE BIG PIG HAD NONE": A porcine picture from a farm at Sutton. The unfortunate fellow on the left, having approached his dinner from the wrong angle, found the "table" so crowded that he was unable to turn round!

CHRISTMAS ABROAD :

Activities of the Festive Season in Distant Lands

THE POSTMAN AND THE TRANSPORT OF FATHER CHRISTMAS: The Yuletide postman in the Hayden Valley, U.S.A., wears skis. The "Reindeer"—a seasonable beast, being the means of transport traditional to Santa Claus—are, however, Elk. They find the going extremely difficult, being half buried in the soft snow

RICH MAN, POOR MAN: The old Bohemian custom (reminiscent rather of Hallowe'en in England) of prophesying what the future husband will be like. The three plates placed before the blind-folded girl hold water, money, and a book. The girl is then led into the room and, according to which plate she touches, so will her husband be—the water signifying poverty, the money wealth, and the book scholarship. The Hallowe'en custom is, of course, for a girl to hold a mirror in an empty room and tradition says that as the clock strikes twelve the face of her future husband will appear in the shining depth of the glass

WORKING AGAINST TIME: The last moments before December 25 are hectic for the toy makers of Germany. The men and women employed in this trade work day and night to keep pace with the demand. The dollies' heads of to-day are extraordinarily realistic

HIGH and LOW

The Children at the Children's Season in London Town

HIGH AND LOW. THE CHILDREN HAVE THEIR FUN: The crowd gathered in Oxford Street to watch the mechanical switchback and the moving dolls that operate along the frontage of Messrs. Selfridge's store. *Below* is an impression of the crowd looking in at Gamage's windows

THE LORD MAYOR AS GANEMEDE. Sir Phene Neal and the Sheriffs pour out tea for the children at the H.A.C. annual treat held at Armoury House. *Above* is a laden Commissionaire escorting two small purchasers to their car

TOPPERS AT THE FOOTBALL MATCH: At Vincent Square between Lancing and Westminster, toppers were *en règle* despite the weather

THE HAWKERS OF HOLBORN: A touch of a London fast vanishing is still to be seen in Holborn, where the streets are lined with hawkers of cheap mechanical toys, and the air is rent with their cries. The dying pigs of yester-year are to-day things of the past, for Master and Miss 1930–31 are too sophisticated for such simple toys

FUN *and* BEAUTY *in* LONDON'S CHRISTMAS SEASON

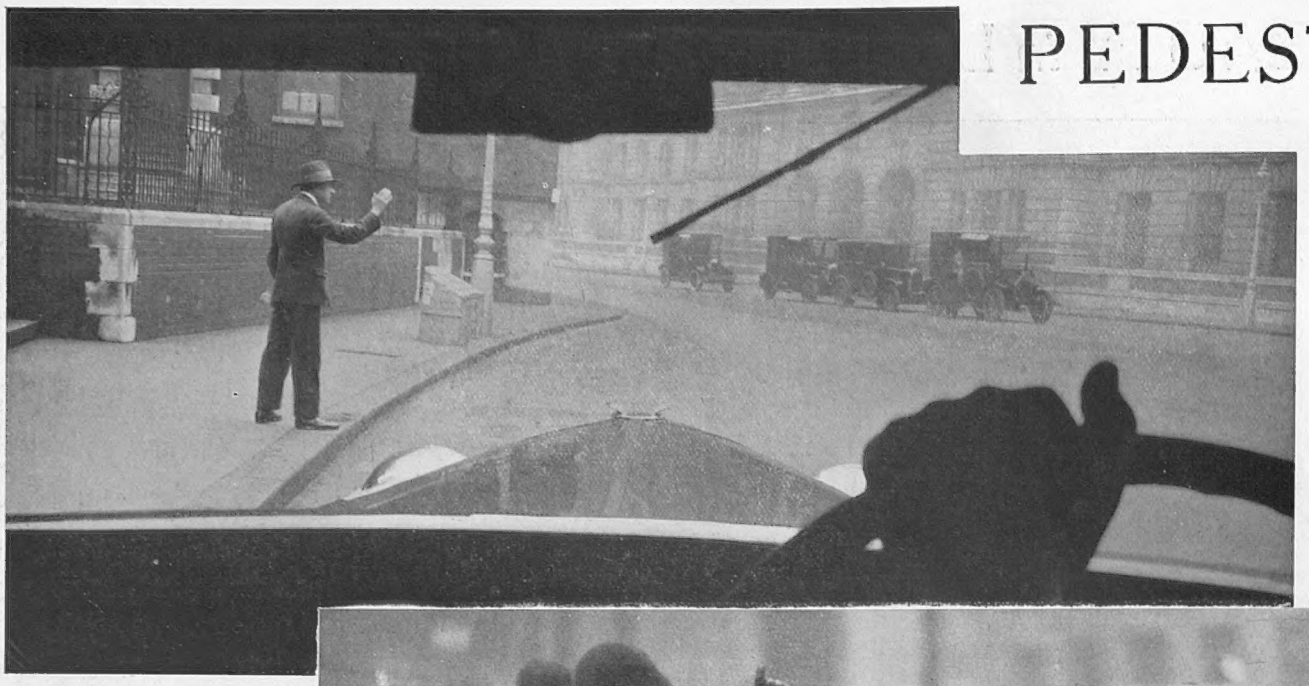
AT A CHRISTMASTIDE BALL: The glory of the old full skirts was seen at the Eclipse Ball and Pageant of a Thousand and One Lights held a few days ago, under the organizing genius of Mrs. Robin d'Erlanger. Mrs. Cory-Wright is here seen bowing to her hostess

IN THE WINGS AT A CHRISTMAS FAVOURITE: Some of the young performers in the *Windmill Man* caught just before the curtain has gone up at the Scala Theatre. The *Windmill Man* continues to attract the younger generation and gives every indication of going on from year to year in similar fashion to *Peter Pan* and *Where the Rainbow Ends*

"MOON" AT MIDNIGHT IN A LONDON BALL: Miss Hermione Darnborough trips it lightly at the Eclipse Ball. She was one of the many beautiful young people to be seen at this gay throng on the eve of Christmastide

PEDESTRIAN SIGNALS

A New Phase in the Traffic Problem



"I AM GOING TO CROSS THE ROAD": The new pedestrian's signal recommended in the new Road Code issued by the Ministry of Transport this month. Pedestrians are recommended to familiarize themselves with motorists' signals as well as learning their own, to assist in solving the traffic problem

NOT HAILING A TAXI, BUT ADVISING THE DRIVER ONE INTENDS TO CROSS THE ROAD: The latest development in the traffic problem—for the number of accidents fatal and otherwise is mounting every year—is the establishment of pedestrians' road signs. This will, it is confidently anticipated, at once check the "jay walker" and assist the motorists to drive both swiftly and carefully

"YOU MAY OVERTAKE ME ON MY RIGHT": Pedestrians are required to understand motorists' signals. Inset above—*THE WARNING FINGER: A new attitude which will become second nature to pedestrians crossing a road. It is suggested that a signal of this type will eliminate many of the accidents of to-day*

"I AM GOING TO SLOW DOWN, AND I MAY TURN LEFT": The conventional up-and-down movement of the right arm—one of the motorists' signals with which the pedestrian is required to familiarize himself

To enable motorists and pedestrians, those hereditary foes, to work together for their mutual safety, the Government has recommended the latter body to take certain steps. So many accidents in the past have been ascribed to careless driving when careless walking—"jay-walking" is the expressive American term—has been the real fault, that, with the stupendous increase in motoring, official or semi-official cognizance has been taken of the position. While certain concessions have been made to the motorist—notably the abolition of the speed limit—the severity with which he will be treated when at fault has been correspondingly increased. To safeguard at once the pedestrian from annihilation, and the motorist from disaster, the recommendations are for the former to familiarize himself with the more common drivers' signals in use and, when crossing a road, himself to employ a sign advising traffic of his intentions. The pedestrian will then on the one hand be able to divine the intentions of a motorist, and, on the other, the motorist will be able so to regulate his actions as to avoid any but the most inevitable accident such as those arising from failure of his mechanism or serious and incorrigible skidding.

GREATER THAN THE WOODEN WALLS: The galley of Caligula, which is even larger in the hull than the "Victory"

A MODEL FOR THE PRESENT DAY: The anchors on the galleys of Caligula embody the latest of modern technique

AS IN THE HOUSES OF 1930: A bronze water-tap with bronze tubing of modern design attached found in Lake Nemi

The true value of THE NEMI ENTERPRISE

A Candid Assessment of the Achievements, Material and Scientific, of the Raising from the Lake Bed, whither they were Precipitated, of the Galleys of Caligula

By PROFESSOR LUIGI JAKOPIN

More than two years have passed since Signor Mussolini put into motion the four huge electric suction pumps to drain the waters of Lake Nemi, near Rome, which have shielded and kept secret a mystery for 1,000 years.

Of all the mysteries (and there are many) which have tormented the thoughts of archæologists and lovers of ancient Rome, this mystery of the sunken galleys of the Emperor Caligula has been the chief.

Through all the centuries conjecture has been kept alive by the numerous attempts at salvage which have been made, the fruit of which is to be seen at the National Museum in Rome—bronze heads of wolves, of Medusa, and many other works of art.

Besides these authorized attempts, there have been petty larcenies by divers for three centuries and in all probability for many centuries more. Writing early in the second half of the seventeenth century, Padre Casimiro noted that fishermen of Nemi were selling nails, leaden plaques, heavy iron plates, copper tables, and other objects probably salved from the wrecks of Caligula's ships at the bottom of Lake Nemi.

When the systematic drainage of the lake was undertaken about two years ago in order to solve the mystery, great interest and expectancy was aroused all over the world. Hundreds of archæologists gave free vent to their imagination. Innumerable articles appeared in the newspapers which kept alive the public's interest. Enormous quantities of hidden treasures were expected to come to light—precious marbles, bronzes, statues, gold, jewels, and perhaps even the skeletons of Caligula's contemporaries drowned during an orgy on board the sunken ships.

In the meantime the work of the pumps proceeded uninterruptedly, and one of the ships was rescued and carried to the shore. At first the greatest disappointment and disillusion was felt when, after months of expectation, what looked like a jumbled mass of rotten timber appeared above the surface of the water, and all the enormous expense and ceaseless work of two years seemed to yield only a few objects of interest—bronze heads of wolves and of the Medusa similar to those which had been before brought to the surface by divers in previous salvage work.

From the archæologist's point of view the result was very disappointing, but when engineers and shipbuilders had had time to examine minutely every small detail, the astounding knowledge of the ancient Romans in the art of shipbuilding was revealed.

In 1700 ships began to be built larger, but the *Victory* of Nelson, which was built only 165 years ago and can still be seen at Portsmouth Harbour, has a smaller hull than the ship which has been recently recovered from the lake.

Some of the latest inventions appear to have already been known at the time of the Roman Empire, of which the most striking is undoubtedly the existence of roller bearings. The bronze roller bearings were used in order to reduce the friction of some heavy machinery which had to turn very smoothly, just in the same manner as they have been applied to the heavy doors of the modern safes which can turn at a finger's pressure. This discovery is all the more astounding when one remembers that roller-bearings came into existence only on the first bicycles, and that this invention was first patented in 1906.

Another great surprise was the discovery of a two-cylinder water pump with leather piston fittings similar to those used at the present day on the pumps for the inflation of tyres. The pump was evidently used in order to expel water from the ship. With its rusty appearance it would pass unnoticed in a museum, although in the history of science it holds one of the foremost places.

Instead of the more obvious fruits of Roman excavation work, small mechanical contrivances have been discovered which are far more important than the general reader is apt to think. The Nemi undertaking furnishes the striking proof of the progress attained by the ancient Romans in shipbuilding. The wooden hull of the ship recently recovered from the lake has a total length of more than 270 ft. It is so solidly built and shows such advanced technique and such wonderful mechanical appliances that the work could not be improved upon even with present-day methods.

Three centuries ago, at the end of 1500, when ships were still built of wood as in the times of ancient Rome, it would have been impossible to have even formed a conception of such a hull. No shipbuilder would have had the audacity to have planned a ship of such size.

Not even those "gigantic ships" of which the world was so proud between the years 1500 and 1600 attained the size of the ship of Caligula—neither the *Marie la Cordela Cordelière* of Primauget, nor the famous *San João Baptista*, nor the *Sant Anna* of Malta, nor even the *Great Harry* which, according to Lindsay, was considered the grand marvel of the British Navy on account of its "enormous magnitude."

In addition, a huge sliding valve has been found for the admission of the lake water into the ship in which, according to archæologists, there appears to have been a large bathing establishment (the ancient thermæ).

The greatest revelation, however, is the fact that the valve seats appear to have been carefully formed with a lathe by skilled workmen with the help of powerful and rapid machines. The huge bronze cylinder to which the water-pipes were fixed is bored on the inside by a tool which worked independently of the workman's visual control, but was guided by calculations and mechanical checking and measurements as is the case with the modern cylinder grinding in motor-car practice. The valve is made of unoxidizable bronze and special alloys which were thought up to now to have been only discovered by modern metallurgy.

An anchor 15 ft. in length has been found which embodies the technical improvements of what is known as the "Admiralty Anchor," invented by Captain Rodger in 1852, and since then adopted by the British Navy.

When the British Naval Architects came to Rome to inspect the ship they defined it as a "perfect work built with the most perfect technique." The surprise of the technical experts has been so much the greater, inasmuch as very few people realize that the ancient Romans were capable of building such ships as could carry from Egypt the obelisks of the Vatican and of the Piazza Lateran.

The work of draining Lake Nemi, which had been suspended for some time when the first ship was rescued from the water, has been again undertaken in order to bring to light the second ship which, according to the reports of the divers, seems to be better preserved than the first. The enormous pumps are revolving ceaselessly, the water level is slowly but surely decreasing, so that the transparent waters will soon reveal their twenty-century-old secret.

OVER THE TOP: *A scene of Civil War in China, 12 per cent. of whose population has been of late wiped out or incapacitated*

LADY DRUMMOND-HAY writes on

WORLD AFFAIRS

An Intimate Causerie on Matters of International Import

THE FEMININE INVASION.—The spectacular inroads of business women into "man's field" of activity was again emphasized by the Board of Trade's Bankruptcy report just issued. Of women failures, the figures show a total increase of 502 as compared with 484 in 1928, and 435 in 1927. But it reveals at the same time that women have invaded the commercial world as principals carrying on their own businesses as auctioneers, real estate agents, builders, freight carriers, cattle dealers, chemists, coal and coke merchants, directors, and promoters of public companies, electricians, farmers, tanners, and leather merchants, blacksmiths, wool merchants, wheelwrights and radio-apparatus makers. While five women farmers, four garage proprietors, and motor-car engineers are cited amongst the bankrupts, the greatest number occurred in the millinery and dress-making trade.

In Britain there are 3,474,170 women employed in insured industries, and 1,500,000 more women gainfully employed in direct or indirect competition with men than there were ten years ago according to the latest published statistics.

Women are now in all but thirty-five of the recognized list of 500 occupations in America, according to Miss Maerion H. McClench, President of the National Federation of Business and Professional Women. At a conference of the Federation it was disclosed that the business woman holds her job for an average of thirteen years, and earns an average salary of £312 a year. The annual average for the independent business woman, however, is somewhere around £412. The Federation reported on a survey ranging in extent from women earning less than £2 a week to those earning more than £2,000 a year.

"The message of hope which the survey gives women over forty is very important," Miss McClench declared. "The survey shows for the whole group (of 42,000 members) an earning power increase up to fifty, and from fifty to sixty a variance and a decline, It gives a woman thirty good earning years, with only the latter ten on a level."

Japan has more than 3,000,000 women workers in skilled occupations according to the latest census. Their ranks include 1,000,000 factory girls, 200 evangelists, 1,000 actresses, 26,470 telephone operators, 70 stenographers, 3,700 house-keepers, 150 pharmacists, and 1,210 women doctors. In Japan house-keeping is classified as a skilled occupation.

SEEKING THE SECRET OF LONGEVITY: *Miss Jill Cossley-Batt, who is leading an expedition to a long-lived tribe in the Himalayas*

CHINA DESPERATE.—While the Chinese fight against each other in an interminable civil war, succumb to plague, disease and famine, Nature takes a hand in thinning China's human harvest with drought and flood, typhoon and earthquake.

Recent statistics published by the Minister of Interior, Nanking, show that 60,000,000 people of China's 500,000,000 population have been affected by disaster and catastrophe. In the Province of Hupeh it is reported more than 9,000,000 persons in sixty-two districts were killed or rendered destitute by flood, drought, fighting, Communists, bandits, and locusts. Honan added frost, hail, and storm to the list of disasters responsible for affecting over 7,500,000 people in 111 districts. Bubonic plague ravaged many provinces. Fire and earthquake appear to be the special curse of others. In several more, the number of killed, maimed, or ruined by his wave of devastation, has not yet been ascertained. But as figures stand it is calculated that well over 12 per cent. of the whole population have been annihilated or so cruelly mishandled by Nature, man, or disease, that their activity and usefulness as citizens is nil.

Meanwhile the League of Nations and the National Government of China have united to abolish the sale of baby girls, known as the "mu-tsai" system in Southern China, and find their efforts severely handicapped by the vicious circle of circumstances. During famines especially, and the last two years have been particularly unhappy in that respect, tens of thousands of men are unable to get food for their families, and in despair sell their daughters, even their wives, to those who can afford to buy and to feed them. It is not by any means always a sign of callousness or lack of affection. Too often, indeed, a desperate realization that the uncertain fate of slave or concubine is preferable to certain horror of famine and plague. A missionary of more than forty years' residence and devoted work in China said to me once in Shanghai, "If one could but assure every Chinese a full bowl of rice each day, their moral regeneration would begin to look after itself."

SEASON OF PEACE.—Regularly and, appropriately enough, at this season of peace and goodwill, my mail always includes innumerable optimistic communications from individual peace-propagandists who, by their inspirations, plans, and organizations seek to achieve unofficially what officialdom is so slow in assuring this troubled world.

War-conscious, war-fearing, groping for leadership, the men-in-all-the-streets of civilization are susceptible to suggested solutions. So the crop of "peace movements" grows apace, Their success could lie in creating a new international mental attitude stifling the destructive war thought of this generation.

Dr. P. S. G. Dubash, who claims that his "International Day Movement" is sponsored by Lieut.-Colonel Arthur F. Gault, promises us the celebration of an "International Day" on March 21 in twenty-two cities of the British Isles, including London, Manchester, Edinburgh, and Glasgow. Dr. Dubash writes me that centres in the United States, Canada, Australia, South Africa, New Zealand, India, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, Finland, Cuba, and South America are preparing ambitious programmes to spread international understanding and goodwill. He even goes so far as to include Russia and Mexico as participants, and appends a formidable list of representatives in almost every country. Supporters of this movement set aside March 21 every year as an "innocent and helpful common day on which all nations and all religions wish well to one another." Celebration takes the form of prayer for peace, processions, club sports-meetings, public festivities, and family parties. Reykjavik, Iceland, is in the vanguard of Dr. Dubash's peace-crusade, having organized an international dance for the occasion. If we don't hurry the League of Nations along on their job we shall have the Ice-landers superciliously looking down from their icebergs and telling the world "We won the peace." Or Russia and Mexico disputing the Nobel Peace Prize!

METHUSELAHS OF THE MOUNTAINS.—A Himalayan "Mystery Tribe" possessing ancient Chaldean secrets of longevity, is the objective of Miss Jill Cossley-Batt, B.A., B.Sc., English explorer and scientist, now preparing a Himalayan Expedition scheduled to start next month from England and to cover more than a year of exploration and research.

Authorities claim that these tribes are now non-existent, but in 1921, Miss Cossley-Batt discovered 600 men, women, and children of the race, living in caves at an altitude of 14,000 ft. in the mountains. Socially and economically independent, this mysterious people, speaking the ancient Chaldean language, has no contact with civilization. They are vegetarians, living a frugal, rough life, in constant battle with the privations and hardships of their bleak surroundings. According to the explorer they are of average height, inclined to be fair, neither wrinkle nor become grey with age, and attain 120-to 150 years according to their Chaldean calendar of nine months to the year. The women, Miss Cossley-Batt declares, remain capable of child-bearing even after 75 years of age.

It is to secure their secret of youth and vigour for civilization that this intrepid Englishwoman is undertaking one of the most difficult and exacting expeditions of the decade. She found the tribe naturally shy and reserved with a stranger when she discovered them in 1921, breaking into their isolation of long centuries. But since that time Miss Cossley-Batt has added their language to her vocabulary of thirteen foreign languages, and hopes to win their confidence during the coming year. With her collaborator, Irvin Baird, a young Scotsman born in Edinburgh, she will follow an old trail traversed by a Chinese monk in the 6th century. It is recorded that the Chinese monk made the journey with elephants, "All the more reason why we should include an aeroplane in the equipment" Miss Twentieth-century says.

They are taking food supplies for eighteen months, clothes, camping outfit, cinematographs, and cameras. They even contemplate adding sound-recording apparatus to the cinematograph.

Miss Cossley-Batt was born in Hampshire, England, educated at Oxford and London University. During the War she served as Recorder of the Chemical Warfare Department, and later as Senior Inspector of Optical Munitions. When the war ended she toured the British Empire as Special Correspondent for the *Times Trade Supplement*, following up her journalistic career by becoming editor of an Export and Shipping Journal. Lured by the romance of adventure and the "call of the wild," as she admits, this resourceful woman "talked herself round the world," financing her expeditions by public speaking and writing. She was the first white woman to enter the Kalahari Desert, where she "hobnobbed with cannibals," and worked her way to Australia, crossing the vast continent alone on horseback.

AMERICA EMERGENT.—The reaction of the spirit of America during her trials of unprecedented economic difficulties and depression, upon a well-known British Empire administrator visiting the United States for the first time, provided me with such interesting reading that I quote from a personal letter which he wrote to me from New York the other day:

"Unemployment here is growing. Many ask for money. At every street corner the unemployed are selling apples at 5 cents. The Apple Growers' Association is said to be behind this move. Vast sums are being collected for organized charities *The one thing people here don't want is the dole.*

"The sky-scrapers thrill me. They are full of power, and many are also beautiful. My first view of New York with these great buildings towering to the sky, ablaze with a myriad lights—no pleasure domes, but hives of human industry—was a sight I shall never forget. I like the Americans, their energy, belief in science, and determination to make the world a better place to live in, are all stimulating. Their politics and police courts are not as ours. The graft seems unlimited. But even Tammany is efficient. New York is depressed but there is a forced optimism. Chicago is much brighter, far from the Stock Exchange, and less responsive to its gloom. The best opinion seems to be that recovery will be, and should be, slow."

By all means a more vivid vignette in its informality of our transatlantic cousins than studied press reports from either side.

EMBELLISHED with APOSTLES and SAINTS

PLACARDED with FRESCOES

The Church of Sucevitsa

A correspondent who has recently returned from Eastern Europe sends us this picture of a remarkable church which he visited during his tour of Rumania. It lies off the beaten track, so few tourists see it. One is prepared for Byzantine saints in great glowing companies within church walls, but here they gleam at one from the outside across the snowy fields. The church is at the little town of Sucevitsa, in the province of Bukovina, and may be reached by car from Suceava, Radauti, or Campu Lung. It dates from about 1570. The tower has been restored. The wonderfully coloured frescoes of saints and apostles, which are particularly fine on the southern wall, are as fresh and brilliant now as on the day that they were painted. They stand in serried ranks in the formal robes which the artists of the Eastern Church have always loved. Under the wide eaves the aureoled apostles stand in adoration to left and right of the Trinity.

The HUMAN FACE:

NIGHTMARE: A study of terror by Hans Sturm, the famous German film star. One envisions Frankfurters, lobster salad, and lager as the cause!

"WE WANT NANNY!" A pair of twelve-month old twins resent the absence of nurse in various moods. The one on the left is suffering from rage and fe while that on the right seems more in sorrow than in anger

GIRL FRIEND AND BOY FRIEND: A scathing study in amorous ecstasy by Franz Fiedler—a Continental futurist photographer of sardonic tendency

THE DUAL ATTRACTION: While the performance may engross woman, the more spiritual sex, the satisfaction of the inner man obsesses the male — a charming study of expression in a youthful audience

AGONY: Studies in "registration" gleaned from has evoked the astonishing expressions on the faces Two contestants in the most strenuous rac

adies in Emotional Expression. Viewed in Cold Blood, the Most Tragic are the Most Humorous

WHIMSICAL WALKER: The marvellous octogenarian clown (who is still going strong) keeps up his strength. He is appearing at the circus at Olympia this year — a delight, as ever, to the children

THE GASP THAT SHOOK THE STALLS: Mr. Henson (whose face has been defined as not a face but an act of God!) realizes with horror the potence of a cocktail. He expresses in the same grimace his anguished fears for its probable effect on him!

A MODERN SCROOGE: A self portrait, in pessimistic mood, of and by Franz Fiedler, the Continental futurist photographer who is even more futurist and psychic than our own Mr. Cecil Beaton. Another example of his work appears at the bottom left-hand corner

...n film version of "Katharina Kino," the play by Carl Zuckmayer. The fall in the rope dancing scene ...pers, Carmen Boni, Vladimir Sokoloff, and Adele Sandrock. *Above*—THE AGONY OF SPORT: ...all, the quarter-mile, the efforts in which provoke the most surprising facial contortions

CHRISTMAS—*100 Years Ago*

Changes and Persistencies in a Century

A century does not seem a very long time when it can be bridged by a handshake. Many of us now alive had grandfathers who were little boys in short-waisted jackets when 1830 was ending. We have seen them and touched hands that spun tops and flew kites when Wellington was "the Duke" and young Benjamin Disraeli was busy deciding how to make a career. But when you count the changes in a hundred years the distance begins to seem immense. The England of 1830 does not look to us so far from the England of Pepys as from the England that is ours. A slow carrier's wagon rolling over the cobbles of Fleet Street to deliver a hamper of country produce—a goose, a great round cheese, a bottle of cowslip wine, perhaps—to Mr. Robinson, the silk mercer, who lives over his shop on Ludgate Hill, seems somehow more remote from our mood than Samuel Pepys on Christmas Eve drinking "some burnt wine at the Rose Tavern, while the constables came and two or three bellmen went by."

Scott was living, though his sun was "setting in mists and storms." Fanny Burney lingered, linking 1830 with the age of Johnson. Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey were still alive, and Lamb had gone from London to Enfield to "the snuggest, most comfortable house, with everything compact and desirable," save that Mary was ill again. Elizabeth Cleghorn Stevenson, afterwards Mrs. Gaskell, was twenty, and Charlotte Brontë was just about to go to school at Roe Head in the New Year—the year in which Thomas Carlyle came to London. There was no dearth of brains in 1830.

Christmas came to 1830 much as it comes to 1930. It was before a young parliamentary reporter named Charles Dickens had built us up a Christmas mood that was all kindness and rum-punch. The almost objective merrymaking of Pepys—the gaiety and music (it should be spelt musick to give it the right jollity), the games, and noisy jests were English before Tiny Tim God-blessed everybody.

Christmas in 1830 was, one may think, a hardy piece of English jollity in rude contrast to the miseries of poverty and the fears of revolution. Change had come in plenty—the industrial revolution, the Liverpool to Manchester Railway, opened that very year, with a snorting locomotive and 1st class carriages that looked as though a stage coach had been delivered of triplets.

Temple Bar with the archives of Child's Bank in a little room above the arch, over which Dr. Johnson saw the last of the Jacobites' heads mouldering, was standing and would stand for another forty years. Shops had small-paned windows and were dimly lit, though there had been gas lamps in London streets for some time. The river flowed under Somerset House arches, and the waterman was a by-word for surliness as the "cabby" became in later days, and you might still take boat at Temple Stairs or Queenhithe as Pepys did.

Mr. Shillibeer's omnibuses had been running for over a year, but Mr. Hansom of Birmingham had not yet put his invention upon the streets. The lions had just left Exeter 'Change where their roaring had shaken the heart of Mary Lamb in her childhood, but the stone lion still looked down Northumberland House at Charing Cross.

I suppose those little dim shops were stacked with toys in Christmas, 1830; windmills with sails that turned when the cart on which they stood was drawn along, battledores and shuttlecocks, painted wooden soldiers (the reign of tin came later, I think), toy villages, jumping-jacks, musical boxes, and dancing dolls. Mistletoe was brought by those slow-moving carriers' carts to London, and the house of the prosperous citizen was hung with holly and rosemary, and laurel and ivy, the traditional and some say the pagan symbols of the turn of the year. There were no Christmas trees. Queen Victoria had one two years later, but it was the Prince Consort who really gave us this pretty German custom.

The waits, muffled and red-nosed, made music less joyous than that of Pepys' day—the windy slowness of mid-Victorian religious exercises crept in with the century, I think—and the duty of recompensing these half-frozen minstrels with mulled ale and money was become already more of a duty than an open-handed, open-hearted gesture.

Yet there was much giving in 1830. Appeal secretaries were unknown. Hospitals did not hold ballots or sweepstakes, and nobody preached against indiscriminate charity. Beef, beer, and flannel petticoats were thought to satisfy all the aspirations of the poor. At Christmas, 1830, the mummers—guisers they call them on the Northumberland border—played their ancient masquerade of Paynim and Christian, the Devil and St. George. In the cider country hot cake and drink was offered to the apple-trees on Christmas Eve, and they were bidden to "bear, bough, apples and pears enow." And in other parts of England ale was sprinkled on the meadows; an oblation to the god of fertility whose very name had been forgotten. And still, it was said by old and sober folk, in 1830 the bees sang in their hives on Christmas Eve, and the cattle knelt in their stalls to do homage to the Christ child, who dispossessed the nature gods.

A hundred years is a long time after all.

Mary Crosbie

SOULS *in* SILHOUETTE

An Interlude in Africa and England

I.—SUNDOWN

The sun, a molten golden globe, was slowly sinking behind the violet-shadowed mountain of Marambela, the queen mountain goddess of the Sena tribe of the Zambezi River. For minutes the great red sphere had hung poised on the wraiths of clouds that floated about the summit, like the wonder dreams of the mountain's maiden goddess. Soon there would be only a dull glow to mark its way; a dull glow that would change with tropic speed to the soft, warm tone of an old-world rose—to violet—to wake again in a velvet starlit sable. And as far as eye could reach the pregnant hush of a breathless, brazen Central African day.

From many miles away a man stood and watched the passing of Marambela's golden king.

A lone figure in all that wilderness he stood. At his feet the mighty river frothed and fumed and fretted its tawny way on the last lap to the great ocean. The swirl of the seething waters reached him only as a faint echo.

Grey he looked, covered in the dust of a long, parched African day's march, as he rested on his rifle looking out over the miles to where the sun was bidding his farewell to the queen.

A little terrier dog waited a yard away, patiently looking up at the master he worshipped.

He knew——

The man stood motionless; his face was now lit to a deep brown in the last slanting rays of light reaching under the sun-helmet.

Forgotten the cruel heat of the day and the miasmata of the Zambezi nights, the fevers, the thirst, the loneliness, the cares and failures when effort and toil seemed bitter travesty, all seemed to melt away as the man stood silently watching the passing of the day.

Soon it would be gone, and the lonely tryst would be ended. His gaze grew more intent under the heavy, tired lids as it seemed to focus itself on a vision beyond the golden aura of the setting sun.

The long moment came when but a segment of brilliance showed over the mists at the mountain's edge.

Slowly the intensity of his face gave way to a wistful longing—a momentary glimpse of the soul of the lone fighter of the wilds, when he looks beyond the miles to the cool far lands . . .

A whisper came from the parched lips; soft gentle words—like the rustle of a July zephyr in the woods by Beaulieu.

"Fay," he murmured, "Fay, my dear, my dear . . . . Home . . . ."

Then in a mantle of flaming gold the sun set over Marambela.

For a little while he lingered, unable to tear himself away from the afterglow. The soft rose colour . . .

. . . . .

A moment later an alert man, strong and reliant, whistled down to the terrier. "Come along Tuppence, old man; there's much to do before camp." The dog looked up in answer—as only a lone man's dog can.

II.—FIREGLOW.

The cold, dank afternoon had closed in. Gusts of wind over the almost deserted pavements tried in vain to force right of way through an enveloping blanket of yellow fog. The road lamps at intervals showed barely a glimmer, and only a few silent muffled forms could be seen like shadows groping their way to their journey's end. In every window heavy curtains were drawn, as if in endeavour to forget the existence of the clinging yellow jaundice outside.

Only in one window the curtains allowed a soft pink glow to break the fringe of dense gloom. A tiny shaft of light—like a single shooting flame when the bush fire of the Zambezi valley leaps for that last second before it dies and merges with the jet of its native night.

A dainty room that soft light showed—in gentle soothing tones of rose that mingled lovingly in shadowy comforting beauty. A woman's haven that room was, and a man's heaven—a man, who, tired and worn after the hell of lonely jungle, at long last comes—Home—through the fog.

At the far corner from the shaded lamp in the window a fire glowed. Curling warmth leaped and danced and wove dreams in the grate.

In the fireglow, her chin cupped in her hands, sat a woman—with her memories.

Fair she was, and fragile. The curve of her cheeks showed the colour of a tea-rose framed in snow. Her eyes were clouded blue-grey as they looked into the fire's limitless depths.

For æons, æons that passed in a few fleeting minutes, her gaze stayed transfixed. She lived only in the love her eyes showed and in an occasional quick breath as her hands stole up in an endeavour to still the throb of her heart.

Her eyes grew misty and weary as for a little she sank back in the velvet comfort of her chair. In almost hopeless despair her hand fell over the side touching a lacquered cabinet.

Slowly a single tear crept down her wistful face as she whispered, "Boy, Boy darling . . . . I'm thinking of you . . . my dear. . . ."

As she leaned forward again loving the fire-picture of a lean, brown man with a slow whimsical smile and very wonderful hands, shimmering in the glow, the greatest master of them all stood in a far city, and the notes of his violin came through the lacquered cabinet her despairing hand had touched. Softly, as if from the distance of Heaven itself, the melody dripped its golden notes to cool the scalding tear.

. . . .

"Oh, Fay," a glad voice broke through the door, "I opened this cable in error. You don't mind, do you? But Boy is coming home . . . ."

But the woman in the chair had leaned forward again, crying gently in the fire-glow. . . the while Toselli's masterpiece caressed her soul and framed a happiness that was beyond words.

Vivian Meik

The "MADONNA of LUCCA

by

JAN VAN EYCK

The Most Precious Picture in the Städel Gallery, Frankfurt-am-Main

In the Städel Gallery at Frankfurt-am-Main there are many pictures of great price and great beauty, but the blue riband in value and, in the opinion of many connoisseurs of art, the first prize for æsthetic content must be awarded to the magnificent Flemish Madonna reproduced above. The rarity of van Eyck contributes considerably to the cost of the canvas, which is assessed at many millions of marks, although not 100 years ago it was purchased for the surprisingly small sum of three thousand guineas. But the intrinsic artistry and beauty enhance the value accruing from the mere rarity of specimens of this primitive—but so skilful—artist's work. The Simonetta *of Botticelli and fine examples of the art of Holbein, van Gogh, and Rembranat hang in the Städel Gallery, so that the van Eyck is not in small company, but achieves its dominance among severe competitors. The curious delicacy with which these Early Flamands could invest the most intimate scenes is revealed in all its triumph in this lovely treatment of the first Noel, which was not seen on the walls of Burlington House at the Flemish Exhibition a couple of years ago.*

A TALK *with* KING CAROL *of* RUMANIA

An Intimate Pen Picture of Europe's Busy and Successful Prince

One of the greatest and wittiest of English actors has, particularly when you see him at close quarters, an appearance that is more striking than beautiful, and when he was introduced to an American lady, "My!" she exclaimed, "you look quite handsome on the stage. How *do* you manage it?" "That," he replied, "is done by God, and I help Him a little. . . ." At Sinaia in the Carpathians God and man have collaborated wonderfully: pine trees by the million, and lawns and flower-beds, precipitous mountains and well-graded roads, multitudes of birds and beasts in the forests, excellent hotels among the trees. And at a little distance from delightful Sinaia is the royal demesne, consisting of several very glorified châlets.

There I have just been received by King Carol of Rumania, despite the fact that in this retreat he is working from morning till night, having long consultations with every Minister and Under-Secretary with regard to the Budget. And now and then he goes for a day, frequently by air, to Bucharest, the capital, or to some garrison town where a regiment is celebrating an anniversary or to some civilian function. It is certain that he came back just in time, for the Regency was not at all a success, and things were going so badly that perhaps the army—though this has never happened before in Rumania—would have taken matters into their own hands. As it is, the army has been foremost in welcoming this gifted prince; in an admirable speech after his return he deprecated their taking any share in politics. Only a few disgruntled members of the so-called Liberal Party stood out for a while against Carol. But now they have had to bow to the force of public opinion. It is in Carol that Rumania sees her salvation, and he is determined that his people shall not be disappointed.

As I entered his study, a smallish room with bare, white walls—the colonel who conducted me had opened the door and announced my name in a toast-master's voice, after which he withdrew—the King rose from his desk and shook hands with me. He then seated himself beside me in an angle of the room, tilting his chair against the wall and looking at me through the smoke of his cigarette. His slender, athletic form was clothed in a dark-blue suit. He greeted me in English, which he speaks with the utmost fluency and with a slight accent. His voice is pleasingly melodious.

"I hope," he said, "that you are enjoying yourself in Rumania."

I assured him that I was. How can one fail to be happy in a land where, for example, the proprietor of your hotel in the capital is in the habit of sending up to your room a bottle of wine with his compliments? And that is only one instance out of many of the prevailing kindlinesses. By the way, this gentleman deducts 10 per cent. from your bill if you stay ten days. It remains to be seen what he does if you stay for a hundred days. And possibly if you linger for a hundred-and-one the lucre will begin to flow from him to you.

"When Your Maiesty was living in England," I said, "perhaps you did not enjoy the food?"

The King waved his hand and smiled charmingly. "Ah, well," said he, "the food may not be altogether to the taste of Continental people, but it is probably good for one's figure. And the life in England, that is splendid."

"Did you see much of the country?" I asked.

"Not so much as I should have liked, but I saw Canterbury Cathedral. How marvellous it is! Are you interested in architecture? Well then——," and he asked me to write down the names of four monasteries in Bukovina and three others in the south-west. He appeared to have made an intensive study of them.

"The other evening," I said, "in Bucharest your Consul-General in London, Mr. Marcu Beza, was lecturing on Canterbury, and though it was a very hot evening he had a tremendous audience."

"Yes, I know," said the King, "and I wish you would read some of the extremely good translations he has made from Rumanian writers into English. He is himself one of our most appreciated writers."

I told the King of a dinner given at Bucharest in a garden-restaurant by the local branch of the P.E.N. club. The president is an elderly and jovial personage, Mr. Bratescu-Voinesti, who has learned English in an original fashion. He is an ardent fisherman, who gets many of his requirements from Hardy's of Pall Mall. And from Hardy's catalogue, a portly volume, Mr. Bratescu-Voinesti has learned our language, with which he has a very fair acquaintance.

"Did he tell you of the trout in our rivers?" asked the King.

"Yes, and that in four hours he caught exactly a hundred, whose total weight was 196 lb. He showed me a photograph of himself with one of them that weighed 8 lb. And he intends to ascertain the names of the keenest trout fishermen in England, and then to invite them to visit Rumania."

"The season for that," said the King, "is from April 1 to September 15. I wish I had more time for sport. But perhaps that will come in the winter. We have many kinds of birds—partridges, pheasants, and so forth—and among the finest stags in Europe. Also we have bear, wolves, and wild boar."

I told the King that in Bucharest, a few days ago, I went with Mr. Randall, the British Chargé d'Affaires, to see an International football match—Paris University against Bucharest.

"What did you think of the Rumanians as Rugger players?" asked the King.

It had seemed to me that they were rather in need of experience. So often when a three-quarter secured the ball he was surrounded by two or three Frenchmen instead of having one of his own side with whom he could enter into combination.

"We have not been playing for very long," said the King. "In fact I can remember when every kind of sport used to be the monopoly of the leisured classes. Now, I am glad to say it is spreading among all the people."

"No doubt your soldiers are fond of football?"

"They have not much time for it," said the King, "but we have International Soccer matches against a number of countries." He reeled off quite a list and the last one he named was Turkey. It appears that these matches are played according to the best tradition; the authorities do not have to relieve the enthusiastic spectators, as on the recent occasion of a visit of Buenos-Aires team and its supporters to Montevideo, of some 5,000 revolvers. Indeed in South-Eastern and Central Europe this International football does nothing but good.

"Talking of sport," said the King, "I met Sir Thomas Lipton—that was a long time ago. I am sorry that his hopes for the America Cup have been dashed again."

"Your inclinations," I said, "take you into the open?"

"I am fond of bridge. It takes your mind off other matters," said the King.

"Your brother-in-law, King Alexander of Jugoslavia"——

"He is one of the best players I have met," said King Carol.

"And the finest players in Belgrade are asked up to the palace. One of the coterie is the Chief Rabbi, who happens to be a brilliant player."

"No, I didn't know that," said the King, as he took his leather cigarette case from his pocket.

I remembered that in my pocket was a photograph of the King's son, Michael, which was taken while he was disporting himself on an air-filled creature in the Black Sea. Rumour says that when Carol returned and Michael, who had been King, relapsed into Heir-Apparent, no one was more relieved than the little deposed monarch, who very naturally is not at all fond of having to appear at ceremonies. He is the proud possessor of half-a-dozen snails; one day his grandmother, Queen Marie, told him that if he was assiduous at the piano he might in time become as great as Paderewski; and he, not knowing anything about Paderewski, bestowed that name on the principal snail.

"Yes," laughed Carol, "that is an amusing photograph."

"When you came back to Rumania," I said, "in the aeroplane——"

"It was the simplest way," said the King.

"A friend of mine, a London editor, thought of asking Anthony Hope to write an article about it. Have you read the Prisoner of Zenda?"

"I have not read that book," said the King, "but I know some others of Anthony Hope. How many languages do you know?"

I told him.

"Well, with those," he said, "you can travel all over the world."

"My knowledge of Rumanian is rudimentary. Would you mind translating for me," I said, "an inscription which I took down this morning? It is here in Sinaia at the entrance to the soldiers' cemetery."

He read the words and said it was a dedication to the heroes who had died for their country.

In that small enclosure, which, like everything else at Sinaia, is beautifully tended, one finds the graves of Rumanians, Hungarians, and Germans.

Henry Baerlein

The Royal Palace, Sinaia, where Mr. Baerlein was received

THE KING OF RUMANIA: King Carol at a review with Marshal Avarescu, his Commander-in-Chief

A KING IN CLASS: Ex-King Michael, Prince of Alba Julia, in the military school, Bucharest

CHRISTMAS *with the* PENGUINS

Ornithological Idylls of the Antarctic in Comic and Tragic Mood Culled from the Byrd and Mawson (B.A.N.Z) Expeditions

MOTHER AND CHILD A gentoo penguin and her chick—an enchanting study of Antarctic maternity

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A CINDER FROM CREATION'S CRUCIBLE: A 600 ft. relic of successive phases of volcanic activity on Heard Island, Sub-Antarctica. *Inset above on right*—Parental defiance: two rock-hopper penguins repel the onslaught of a skue-gull which attacked their chick

It is an exceedingly interesting fact that the Byrd Antarctic Expedition found the presence of Emperor penguins in the Bay of Whales, roughly some 400 miles from the rookery by Cape Crozier, where they were found by the three members of the Scott Antarctic Expedition, who went thither for the purpose. To learn the life history of these interesting birds was, admittedly, one of Scott's ambitions in his last voyage, and it was his "Discovery" Expedition which proved that an egg brought from the Antarctic ninety years ago and now at Drayton was that of an Emperor penguin. It shares, with the Adelie penguin, the distinction of being the only bird life in the frozen South. Although a bird, the penguin cannot fly, its wings having degenerated into powerful flippers. In that remote past when the Antarctic was neither desolate nor ice-bound, as it is to-day, the climate was mild, and forests of peat-beds existed where ice now rules. At that time, it is believed, the penguins could fly, and found their sustenance on the vegetables and insects which flourished on the land. When, however, the climate changed, the penguin, having no further need to fly, and being compelled to seek its food in the water, adapted its wings to enable it to propel itself through the ocean. The Emperor penguin, according to Dr. Edward A. Wilson, the chief of the

(*Continued on following page*)

A CHRISTMAS PROCESSION: At mid-winter the Penguins are ashore and mid-way through their breeding period. The picture above shows the great Emperor Penguins

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FAUNA OF THE ANTARCTIC: Seals and Penguins on the ice-flow in front of the sea-face of an intensely crevassed glacier at Enderby Land

Inset above—EMPERORS OF THE ICE: Penguins that weigh 60-70 lb. that it completely knocked-out its assailan

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Byrd scientific staff and the Zoologist, is "the nearest approach to a primitive form not only of a penguin but of a bird." The difference between the Emperor and the Adelie is striking. The latter stands about 2 feet high and weighs about 16 lb., has a black back and a snowy white chest with pale, salmon-pink feet. Its eyelids are white and it has a white rim around the eyes. The Emperor is built on a much more magnificent scale, for it stands 40 inches high, weighs 80 to 90 lb., has a long curved beak edged with violet, black eyes with no white rim, and in addition to its black back and white chest has a collar of orange merging into yellow around its throat. It is not voiceless, for it utters a squawk of a curious metallic quality. As peculiar as its appearance is the Emperor's mode of life. It passes its whole existence on the ice covering the sea, and there in the coldest month of the year, in the Antarctic night of midwinter, it hatches its chicks. The Emperor does not build any kind of a nest, but lays its egg directly on the ice. As it would thus quickly become chilled the bird incubates it, placing the egg on its feet and pressing it closely against a patch of bare skin on its abdomen

CHRISTMAS *with the* PENGUINS:

Studies from the Byrd and Mawson Expeditions

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CHRISTMAS DAYS ARE SUMMER DAYS IN ANTARCTICA: A scene on Roger's Head, Heard Island, one of the most stormy of Antarctic districts

70 lb. One specimen resisted capture by the Byrd Expedition so fiercely assailant with a flipper-hook to the jaw!

ALDERMEN IN CARICATURE: The dignified and pompous birds with their splay feet, black coats and white waistcoats, irresistibly recall solid Victorian City Merchants

and protecting it by a lappet of soft, downy feathers. When the female goes to feed on the fish, which are its regular food, the male assumes her office, for the parental instinct seems to be extraordinarily highly developed in these creatures. Indeed Dr. Wilson has recorded that he saw egg-less birds striving to hatch egg-shaped lumps of dirty ice. After the chick has been hatched, its welfare is no less solicitously watched. Should its parent leave it to go to feed, several chickless birds will rush to tend it, while such is their anxiety to minister to it that they will fight for its possession, and often, in so doing, tear it to pieces as one tries to snatch it from the other. The reason for the Emperor breeding in the dark period of the year is that the young bird develops very slowly. Were it born in the Antarctic summer it would be without any sufficient covering to meet the piercing cold of the next winter. It is worth noting that neither the Emperor nor the smaller Adelie penguin is found in the Zoological Gardens of the world. The specimens which are to be seen there come from more temperate waters than those in the neighbourhood of the South Pole.

THINGS *as they* ARE

A Study in Realism

By K. KEITH
(Author of *A Broken Toy*, etc.)

It was a most unpleasant letter to receive: "MADAM,—Unless you are prepared to settle our account within the week we shall find it necessary to appeal to your husband. — Yours faithfully, F. STRAKER."

And it was only one of many unpleasant letters. It was inconceivable that she should owe so much money.

Betty Charteris stared in front of her with terror in her wide, grey eyes. Whatever happened her husband must never know. Relations between them were already very strained, and he had sworn the last time he paid her bills that if she ever ran into debt again he would publish a notice in the newspapers making himself no longer responsible for her debts. She was afraid of him. She would never have married him if she had known what storm and tempest lay behind that cool impassivity.

He had been very generous. She looked round her lovely room, She had exquisite taste and he had given her a free hand. Silken orange curtains shut out the dreary greyness of the autumn evening; they flamed gay as topaz against the pale greyness of the panelled walls. The lacquered table at which she sat had cost a sum at which even he had winced, but she had desired it. She had desired the Japanese prints, the Sheraton furniture, the exquisite Persian rugs that lay scattered like jewels on the gleaming parquet floor. Long-stemmed roses from the Riviera threw out a delicious scent. How could she have been such a fool? Worse than all was a letter that seemed to seer her very soul: "I must ask you to let me have the money. I have obligations of my own to meet. Ask Luke." Ask Luke! Let her husband know that she had borrowed money from Cyril Stuart to pay her gambling debts. Death would be preferable. Why had she played so high? In her set they all played high—you couldn't be in it and not do what the others did.

II

The money had to be found. Her restless eyes roamed about the room. Everything had been horribly expensive, but was quite unsaleable. She remembered her jewellery. But Luke would be sure to miss anything of value. He took great pride in her personal appearance and loved seeing her beautifully dressed. Something cold and chill lay between her little breasts, slipping uneasily from side to side as she moved.

Her hot hand held it for a moment—the glorious, devouring fire of an emerald, green as a laurel. It lay in her hand set in its fine and exquisite setting of seed pearls. It was an old and lovely jewel that had been in the Charteris family for generations. "No, no," she breathed in answer to an unspoken thought, "I dare not." Later she remembered that she wore this particular jewel very seldom and she would soon retrieve it. She only wanted time—just a little time. Luke might have a stroke of luck. He was very generous. She always shared his success. It wouldn't be for long. She dallied with the thought, playing with it. Excuse for its absence would be fairly easy. She had noticed that the setting was a little loose—some facile lie would serve. Once he had taken it from her on the plea that the setting needed re-adjusting.

III

"My dear, how white and worried you look. Not at all well, does she, Luke?" Betty restrained a movement of impatience with difficulty. It was so like mother-in-law to call attention to her appearance just when she most desired to escape criticism. There were times when she hated the saintly looking old woman who practically made her home with them. Hated her gentleness, her reasonableness, her patience. There were times when she even felt jealous of her. Luke was too devoted to her. She wanted all his love.

"Too much running about," Luke hardly glanced at his wife, "First time you have dined at home this week, isn't it?"

"It is," answered Betty shortly. Her clear, exquisite voice floated through the room like a bell. "I am sure you have got on very well without me."

Mrs. Charteris looked pained. "We have both missed you, You are one of the people who would always be missed. There is not enough gaiety, beauty, and youth in the world to go round."

"Holding any cards lately?" asked Luke, leaning towards her. "Have a Benedictine with your coffee Betty. You look fagged out."

How dared he mock her? Surely he must recognize that she had discovered the fraud that he had perpetrated. Fraud. It was an ugly word, but she knew no other that would give his act its full significance. Or, wasn't it fraud when the property concerned was, in a fashion, his own. He had forestalled her in her meanness—saved her from herself, Her anger was not only due to the frustration of all her hopes, but to the knowledge that debased him in her eyes. Once she had loved him. Always she had feared him, but until to-day she had honoured him. Her eyes rested on the gentle old lady who sat at his right. What would she say if she knew. Her darling to have been guilty of such vileness. In her anger she longed to disillusion her, but pity withheld her. She looked so old, so fragile, she could not find it in her heart to spoil her remaining years. She should keep her faith, her serenity unimpaired. Her mother-in-law had always half-irritated, half-abashed her. She was too good for this abandoned world, her ideals too high, her standards unattainable. To Luke his mother was sacrosanct.

Her thoughts reverted to her unpleasant experiences of the morning. They did these things so much better in books. She had believed that it would be so easy to pawn the emerald until she had money to redeem it. She would never forget the look on the face of the Hebrew who rejected it. "No use to us, Madam. Excellent paste—but paste," She had stammered out an apology, explanations, and he had listened with disbelieving, brilliant eyes fixed on her flushed face. So many of these smart women got into difficulties and came to him—often tried to deceive him. Deceive Jacob Goldstein! He had felt a little sorry for her. She was so exquisitely pretty and looked so harassed—but business is business.

She looked steadily at her husband - "No luck," she smiled, "I have been trying to recoup my losses by doubling my stakes, with most unfortunate results." (How unfortunate he would never know.) "As for bills they have been falling thick as leaves in Vallombrosa." That had gone home. She saw his face darken. "Did you ever run into debt when you were young, mother-in-law?"

"No, I never ran into debt," sighed the old woman, but her face whitened. Too late Betty reproached herself. Her youngest son had come to terrible grief through extravagance and had finally committed suicide as the most convenient way of eluding unpleasantness. Luke flung her a glance of passionate resentment. But she didn't care . . . she didn't care. Let him pillory her in the papers—she didn't care. Who was he to lecture her? How dared he look so superior?

IV

"Can I speak to you for a moment, Betty?" Dinner was over and they were drifting back into the drawing-room when she heard his voice, "Will you come into my study for a moment?"

"Certainly," Her heart beat a little faster, but she wasn't afraid of him. Latterly she had been feeling sorry for him. He had grown very worn-looking during the last few months, lost his buoyancy and appeared extraordinarily worried and irritable. But she couldn't forgive his scathing words, his threats. She should no longer pledge his credit. He would send a notice to the papers. He forbade her to go about with that sweep—Cyril Stuart. By what right did he throw stones?

"Were you joking, or are you in debt again?" How dared he speak to her in that tone?

"I am heavily in debt," she retorted hardily. "You will do well to carry out your threat. Pity you didn't do it before." She slipped into a great leather arm-chair and smiled up at him. Her face was white as chalk; the short rings of hair on her forehead were damp with perspiration; her hands were icy cold.

"It won't happen again," she said slowly. "How much?"

"My bills amount to something over two hundred pounds," she answered sharply. If she had only dared make it four hundred. That would repay the abominable man who was blackmailing her, and enable her to start with a clean sheet. But he always insisted on seeing the bills. He paid them himself and kept the receipts. He was a business man and she made allowances for him, but these precautionary measures always seemed to her to rob his generosity of all grace.

He looked at her with angry eyes: "Are you aware that I am pressed for money myself, at the present time. I give you a very generous allowance. You made it sufficient when we were first married. Why does it not suffice now? You have got into a set better off than you are who can, presumably, afford to play bridge for higher points than you can. I know where the money goes. Let me have your bills to-morrow."

"And you intend sending that notice to the papers?" Her voice shook a little. It wouldn't be easy to face the veiled smiles and jeers. She had enemies. . . .

"I must protect myself," he said wearily. "Have you ever realized, Betty, what it would mean if I went smash."

"Went smash?" she repeated dully. "You are trying to frighten me."

"As it happens I was going to ask you if you could help me to raise some money. If I could raise some on your jewellery I could tide over this account. Your pearls are ample security for a good round sum."

"I had no idea you were in difficulties. If you had told me . . ." All at once they seemed a little nearer. "You always keep me outside, Luke."

"Repeatedly, I have begged you to be more prudent," he said harshly. He looked away from her pleading eyes. He wasn't going to give in. They were living beyond their means and he was not in a position to stand these unexpected demands.

"You must do as you think fit," she retorted coldly. She regretted her plea, She would have to face the music—let them laugh. She would not be the first or the last who had come to grief. She would soon be forgotten in the excitement of another scandal. But those letters. . . . Cyril Stuart. . . . Her heart thudded and her face whitened. She dared not tell her husband the truth. She dared not tell him that she had tried to raise money on the emerald pendant only to find that he had been beforehand with her. "I am glad to hear that my pearls are so valuable," she said quickly, "and this emerald pendant ought to be valuable.

"Am I to understand that as a threat?"

"I presume I have a right to sell my own possessions. What you gave me, you gave me as a free gift."

"As a personal favour I beg of you not to try to raise money on that pendant. Although not an heirloom it has been in our family for generations."

How dared he? His magnificent audacity temporarily silenced her. If he only knew that she knew. . . . "Luke. . . ." The temptation was too strong.

"Hush!" he held up a warning hand. "My mother must know nothing of this."

"Are you two never coming into the drawing-room?" Old Mrs. Charteris, pitifully frail and aged, had opened the door and stood looking at them. "I am getting tired of my own society."

Conscious of defeat Betty leaned back in her chair. Never again would she be able to summon up courage to tax him with this mean fraud. The debts would be paid; a notice to the effect that Luke Charteris was no longer responsible for his wife's debts would be sent to all the leading papers and she would be left with the threat illustrated by Cyril Stuart facing her.

"We are just coming mother." He came forward. "We won't be a minute, darling."

"No, I am not going back alone. If you won't come back with me I shall come in and share your councils." There was an unexpected firmness in the gentle old voice. She had come determined to interrupt a quarrel.

"Well, I have some letters I must write." His eyes besought Betty. "We have practically finished our talk. Betty will join you. Don't stand there in the cold, darling."

V.

How much did she know or guess? Betty watched the delicate old hands as they knitted. Obviously, she had feared a quarrel. There had always been a certain antagonism between her and her mother-in-law and to-night it deepened into passionate aversion. If she hadn't interrupted them at the crucial moment. . . . She would never have the courage again. . . . "Betty, why do you insist on regarding me as an enemy? My dear, I know you are in trouble. Won't you let me try to help you?"

"You can do nothing to help me." Her miserable eyes stared at the old lady. She looked frail as Dresden china, rose and white, her soft grey hair half hidden under a lace cap. She looked back with the clear, blue unwavering gaze of a child: "Try me, dear."

Suppose she did? Why should she be treated with such meticulous care, protected from all annoyance? She would like to substitute devastation for that maddening serenity: "I am in great trouble. I have not only got into debt, but I have borrowed money from a man whom Luke abhors and . . . I can't pay it back."

"Is it a large sum?" Betty turned startled eyes upon her. She had expected anger, reproaches.

"Two hundred pounds," she sighed.

"Luke must never know. On that condition I will help you. Luke is like his father. They trust absolutely but, once deceived, you cannot renew their faith." The blue, limpid eyes met hers; the old voice was a little tremulous: "Don't play with your happiness, my dear. He would never forgive you. He is so upright, so loyal, that he cannot make allowances."

"Has he never required allowances made for him?" Betty's voice was very bitter. She longed to tell her what she suspected—what she knew to be the truth. He had been prepared to raise money on her jewels—in the past he had raised money on them. What a fool she had been! She had never doubted him when he had spoken so seriously of the worn setting . . . She could have forgiven him everything if he had trusted her . . . but he hadn't . . . he hadn't . . .

He had played a mean trick on her and now presumed to judge her. She looked defiantly at the serene kindly old face. "I cannot say, But I would vouch for his intregity under any circumstances. He has the defects of his qualities. He is hard—hard and unforgiving. But no woman ever had a better son. If I lost faith in Luke I should lose faith in God. Life would be unlivable." Her eyes clouded with tears, "Let me help you, dear. You can pay me back when you can. If Luke learned of your transactions with that horrible man he would never forgive you . . . never. You have never liked me, Betty. You resent my being here so much, but it won't be for long. Luke can't afford to give me an allowance and I have very little."

"Yet you can afford to lend me two hundred pounds," retorted Betty shortly.

"Approximately a thousand pounds represents my assets." The old voice quavered and trembled. "This brings me in fifty pounds a year. I can't live on it. Luke is not a rich man. You spend a good deal of money, my dear. I am not reproaching you. Youth will be served. But don't overdo it. I want to be friends with you, Betty. I will write to my lawyers to-morrow. You can keep the man quiet for a few days. If Luke got wind of this business it might mean murder. You don't know what risks you are running."

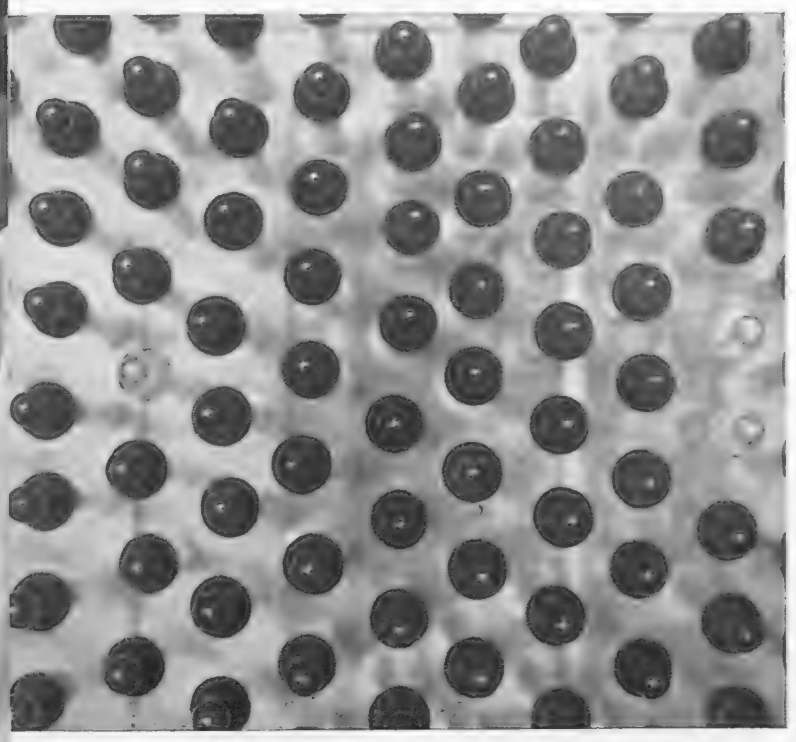
She was shaking from head to foot. Betty's arms went round her in a passion of protection. She should

(Continued on page 610)

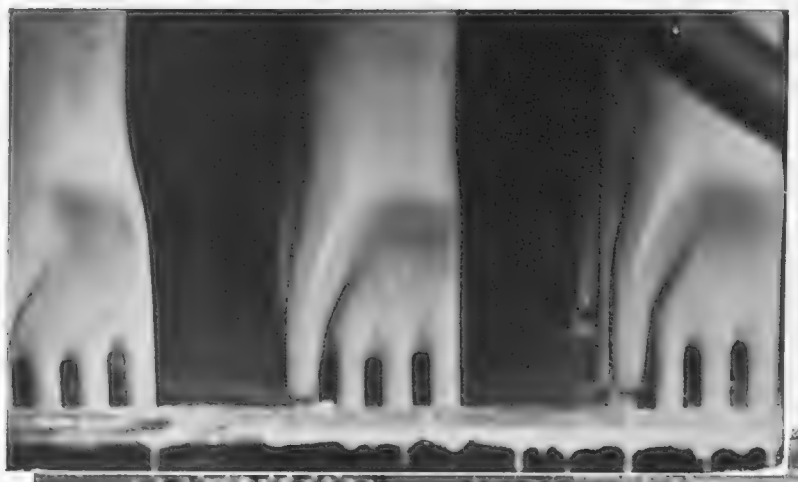
MANUFACTURES
of the Modern World

RUBBER GLOVES AND ARTIFICIAL PEARLS

A PUZZLE PICTURE: These objects are made by dipping moulds of the exact size and shape desired into a tank of rubber solution. They are dried and dipped again and again until they have attained the necessary thickness. The finished articles are rubber gloves



EYES, OR WHAT? These objects are made in the same way as rubber gloves—by dipping moulds of glass or china into repeated baths of rubber solution, and then drying and re-dipping. They end up as rubber suckers for sticking on glass



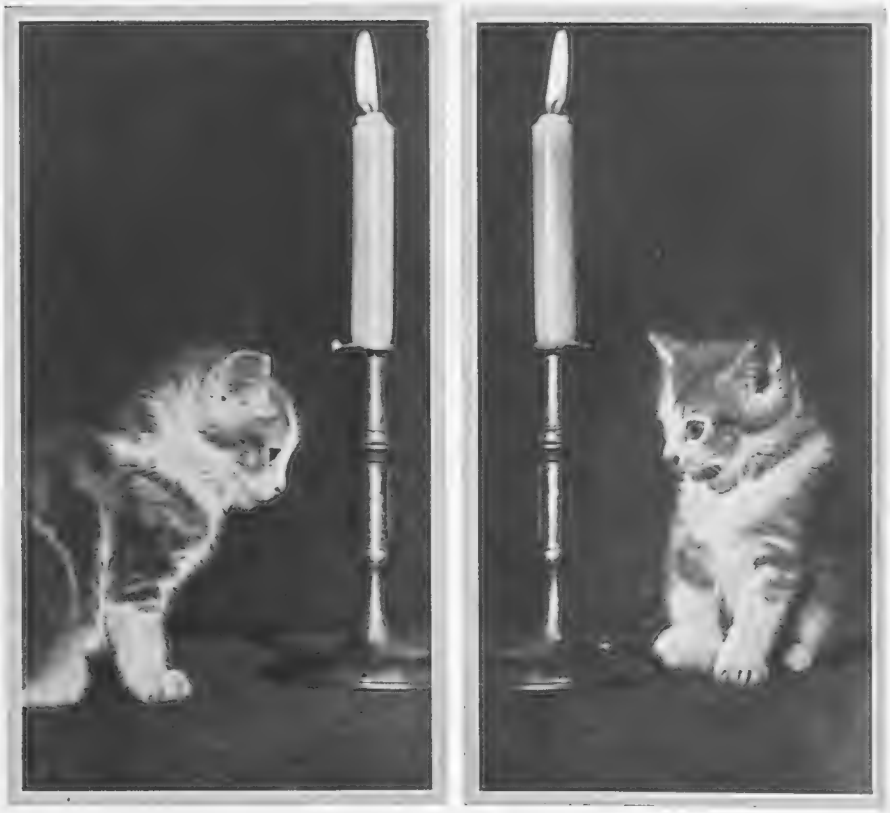
ARTIFICIAL PEARLS: It is scarcely known that Switzerland provides much of Europe with artificial pearls. They are made in a large factory at Zurich by novel methods. Thousands of girls are working day and night at the moment to cope with the great Christmas demand. The pearls are seen above drying. Other processes are dipping, scratching, and sorting. The process of manufacture is chemical

"SCRATCHING UP": One of the processes of making artificial pearls in Switzerland. *Above*—Sorting process is shown. So perfect are some of the modern products of this factory that it is becoming a matter of greater and greater difficulty to differentiate between genuine and artificial pearls. Some of those made in Zurich are of such superfine quality that they sell in the great capitals for £10, while others can be bought for 6d.

CATS — BIG *and* LITTLE

DECEMBER MORN! *Doris, the Zoo lioness, is not over-gentle when she gives her cubs ablutions. The little fellow seems to appreciate the next gift to godliness as little as the traditional schoolboy, but Doris is a stern parent. This is one of Doris's second litter raised in captivity*

"YOUR TURN NOW!" *One of the small cubs at the Zoo, having undergone his daily wash, regards (in the adjacent picture) his small brother going through the ordeal he has successfully survived*



BEDTIME: *Two enchanting photographic studies of feline innocence by Mr. A. W. Kerr*

The lion cubs seen above are the offspring of a pair of lions presented to the King by the Emperor of Ethiopia last year, a family of three cubs was successfully raised in the Zoological Gardens by these lions, and this year another trio arrived on September 23 and is, in the conventional phrase, doing well. The rearing of lions in captivity is no easy task, and the Zoo is to be congratulated on its successful care of these most delicate cubs. They are kept in a specially warmed enclosure, but can run into an open-air cage in fine weather. Artificial sunlight is given on cold days to these little beasts hereditarily accustomed to an African sun.

MONARCH OF ALL HE SURVEYS: *Geaser, the big lion cub at the Zoo, does not care for the open-air paddock. He climbs, therefore, to the top of his sleeping quarters and surveys his fellow captives. He has, however, now been put in a big cage to cure him of his climbing habits*

SKI PRINTS IN THE SNOWS OF TIME: The first trail blazed by the "Long Shoes" in this year's snows over the Hahnenmoos Pass, near Adelboden. The thrill of cutting such a swath in virgin fields has to be experienced to be appreciated

WHEN WINTER COMES (II)

The Second of "The Sphere's" Series of Artistic Pictures Symptomatic of the Advent of the White Season

MOLEHILLS ON THE MOUNTAINS: With the heavy fall of early winter snow the tiny fir trees are almost submerged in a blinding blanket of dazzling white. Only here and there do tiny shoots of a delicate or sombre green pierce the all-covering and iridescent pall

A WELCOME REVIVAL

And Other Literary Matters of the Week

Reviewed by CECIL ROBERTS

It was a happy idea for Messrs. Macmillan to revive their famous "English Men of Letters" Series. It began under the editorship of John Morley, and its concise biographies, united with a critical estimate of the authors in the series, provided readers with just that informative background necessary to intelligent appreciation. The series was so firmly established in the favour of discerning readers that it was surprising it was ever allowed to lapse, but now under the able editorship of Mr. J. C. Squire we have a new series which is quite as good and reliable as the old. In this new list there is a *Samuel Pepys* by Arthur Ponsonby, a *Swinburne* by Harold Nicholson, a *Trollope* by Hugh Walpole, and a *Whitman* by John Bailey.

Without wishing to be ungrateful, and implying no criticism of Mr. Ponsonby's contribution, I could wish that the Pepys volume had been from the pen of John Drinkwater. He not only has a deep enthusiasm for Pepys, but has made a life-long study of the diarist, and has just that type of mind adjusted to contemplation and action which makes him an ideal critic of a man of affairs.

I can readily understand that in a series of this kind the publisher has to subsidize certain volumes with the successes of others. Is there anyone, for instance, interested to-day in George Meredith? It seems incredible that ever he could have imposed himself upon the public as a great novelist. Certain passages, it is true, are magnificent, but a great body of his work is utterly artificial in language and emotion. Thomas Love Peacock is another author whose work cannot have a wide vogue to-day. I hope that the restricted fame of Christina Rossetti will not cause Miss Dorothy M. Stuart's contribution to be overlooked. In this volume, *Christina Rossetti* (Macmillan. 5s.), she has written a most readable life of the poetess which is informed throughout with the closest scrutiny of detail and an alert critical approach which suffers neither from the fashionable mode of disparagement nor from infatuation with her subject.

Here is one of the quietest of lives, that of a remarkable member of a remarkable family, overshadowed by the brilliant, neurotic, Dante Gabriel. Christina's books were quietly put forth, almost unobserved; and fame came upon her stealthily, and then not in full spate. She grew up tranquilly into an austere, quiet old maid after the slight turmoil of an early engagement broken, happily, for her spirit would have chafed in the bondage of so small a mind as that of Collinson's; he ended as a house painter. She tended her ferns and her cats, sitting obscurely in a pew in Christ Church, Upper Woburn Place, and returning on the arm of her nurse to the house in the Square.

> "For the most part she lay in the drawing-room, at first on the sofa and later on a narrow uncurtained bed opposite which hung an autotype of Frederic Shield's "Good Shepherd." Uncle John Polidore's dark Byronic features looked out from the wall, and at sunset prismatic reflections quivered on the crystal chandelier which had been a gift from Dante Gabriel to his beloved "Antique." Christina liked to watch the light fading behind the dingy trees, and the metallic throbbing of distant barrel organs brought no sense of distress to one whose ears had always been sealed to all but heavenly harmonies."

This comprehensive description, revealing the poetess at the time when the fatal cancer began to make inroads, is characteristic of Miss Stuart's style. When I read biographies I want domestic details. It is always my regret that most biographers and autobiographers are so silent about money transactions. How did Browning, for instance, contrive to jump from his small house into the stupendous Palazzo Rezzonico in Venice? Last year I spent a day going over that amazing palace, which was then for sale, with its vast ballroom, in which the Republic had given a reception for "the Counts of the North." Only a very wealthy man, even in his days, could have maintained a floor of that palace, and Browning lived on the *piano nobile*.

While Miss Stuart does not give us the pounds, shillings, and pence of a poet's existence, she does not ignore the domestic aspect. And she has a happy way of collating her historical events —"In that same year were published *Poems by Two Brothers*, and Roger's *Italy*, and Mr. Thomas Babington Macaulay was called to the bar," we are informed, of 1826, when the father of the Rossettis set up house-keeping at 38, Charlotte Street, Portland Place. Miss Stuart calls attention to one omission that should be repaired. With all deference to the claims of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Christina Rossetti is probably the most considerable poetess of her century. It is singular, therefore, that while a memorial plaque marks the site of the house in Charlotte Street, now Hallam Street, where Dante Gabriel Rossetti was born, no mention is made of the birth there, on December 5, 1830, of Christina.

The change in the respective reputations of the two poetesses (what a hateful word!) Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Christina is remarkable. The lustre of the former has faded, that of the latter grows with each year, largely because her metrical experiments anticipated the modern mode of unemphasized metre—

> "Does the road wind up-hill all the way?
> Yes, to the very end.
> Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
> From morn to night my friend."

That has no date, and in all her work, with its absence of imagery and simile, there is a freedom from the fatal mark of the calendar.

I have two complaints to make against this book, so fresh, enjoyable, well-informed, and open-minded. Miss Stuart loves the strange word, and I do not feel that her boldness in this respect has been justified. She tells us that Christina's "immature mind is often tinged with allicholy." I think I know what she means, but the word is a bizarre one, and it does not exist in the Concise Oxford Dictionary. Later, we are informed that the poetess suffered from "developmental anæmia and the imperfectly oxygenated atmosphere of Charlotte Street." This is a clumsy way of saying that increasing anæmia and bad air affected her work; and there is downright ugliness in the quite unnecessary use of "oppugnancy," which the O.D. terms rare. It is such a monstrous word that it should be allowed to die out. The use of such words raises a suspicion of "that most petrified pedantry" which the author stigmatizes. But these are small if very observable blemishes in a distinguished piece of criticism.

The recent presentation of a prize to Henry Handel Richardson, the Australian novelist, for her trilogy *The Fortunes of Richard Mahony* (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.), once more points a strange lesson in doggedness. When Mrs. Richardson first began her trilogy, with a novel, *Australia Felix*, scarcely anyone took any notice of it, and the second novel, *The Way Home*, had no better welcome. The publisher might have discontinued publishing but for the fact that he had committed himself, and he had faith. The third novel, *Ultima Thule* attracted a little attention. But with the three novels united the authoress has romped home, and the book is now over the thirty-thousand mark.

It is astonishing to me how anyone finds time to read these very long books, but there must be a public or the publishers would not offer us a thousand pages of good printing for seven or eight shillings.

Mr. Hugh Walpole is now preparing his readers for something even longer than *Rough Herries*. It is to be a three-decker. The announcement was made, by the way, on the "talkies." Mr. Walpole has an excellent voice, and in his setting for the picture he had a bookcase that made my mouth water. But the very business-like desk, with the telephone handy, was rather shattering, and I became apprehensive that there might be a dictaphone somewhere in the room, as well as a microphone.

This new method of interviewing authors promises fresh terrors for the writer who likes to remain unseen, if heard. Mr. Walpole emerged very well, though I could not get rid of his striking resemblance to Galsworthy at certain moments, and I found the swinging of a leg, as he sat on the desk, disconcerting. But when he got down into his chair and became chatty all was well. Hitherto it has not mattered much what an author looked like. I begin to realize that in future his publishers may look him over as a filmable asset. The best-looking may be the best-seller.

It is very seldom that book criticism and reviews will stand the test of collection. A successful example was Mr. Arnold Bennett's series of *Books and Persons* which is readable even now. To this I would add Mr. Frank Swinnerton's criticisms and literary gossip which he contributed for some years to the *American Mercury*. His work was then anonymous, and I subscribed to that magazine solely for the delight of reading his contributions. Later, these reviews were issued in book form, but somehow the book escaped my notice, but I am very delighted to find a new pocket edition of *The London Bookman* (Secker. 3s. 6d.). I suppose it is natural for us to like the writer who happens to confirm our own views. I find Mr. Swinnerton so often saying what I would like to say, and venturing on a heresy to which I subscribe, that his book has given me the greatest pleasure. But I think its merits are deeper than this. A keen and impartial eye, perhaps the more keen because he was writing anonymously for a transatlantic audience, has seen defects and merits that the passing years have emphasized, and he contrived to keep himself untrammelled by the coteries. This honesty keeps his work vital.

Recently I reviewed Mr. Cherry Kearton's book, *The Island of Penguins*, and the other day in the Polytechnic Cinema, I saw the film of the book. I do not know which delighted me more. The incredible patience of the photographer holds one in wonder, and the sagacity and the disconcerting caricature of humanity of these penguins provide an entertainment that rivals Micky Mouse and Walt Disney at their best. Years ago Anatole France wrote his fantasy *Penguin Island*. Here it is on the film with engaging reality.

With the coming of the Persian Exhibition there will be a flood of books on Persian art and folklore. Candidly, I cannot work up any enthusiasm for Persian things. The monotony of design, whether applied to mosques, carpets, or pictures, leaves me unmoved, and the vivid sense of colour soon palls upon European taste. But perhaps I shall be educated by the

(*Continued on p.* 614)

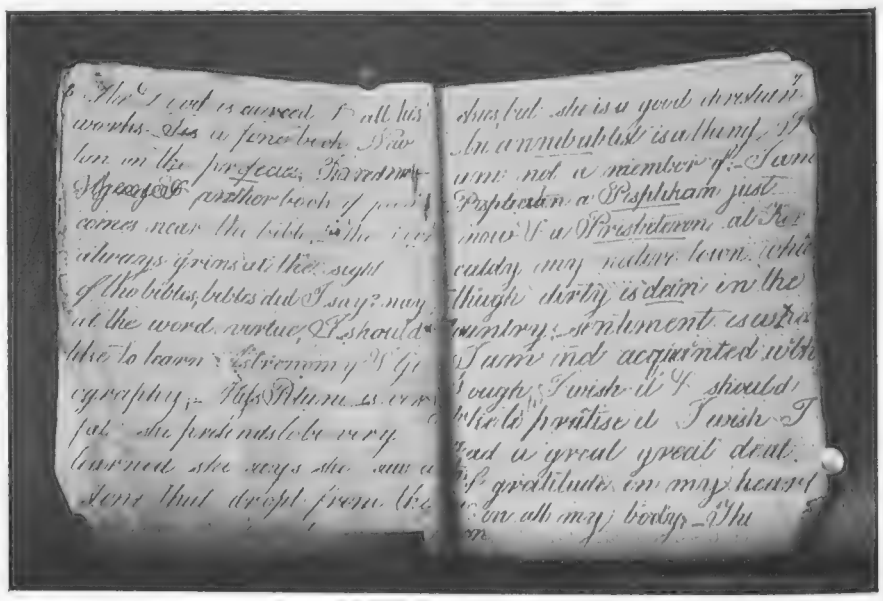
Books to buy

A Soldier's Note-book, 1914-1918, by *General A. A. Brussilov* **(MacMillan. 18s. net).**—In this book the great Russian general reviews his part in the War, and tells from his own side the story of the Russian offensive. There is a vivid closing chapter upon the squabble between Kerenski and Deniken. The battle of Przemysl was the last, he declares, in which he had a properly trained army.

Hazlitt's Selected Essays (Nonsuch Press. 8s. 6d. net).—800 pages of the best of Hazlitt, with a preface by Geoffrey Keynes.

The Short Stories of Saki (John Lane. 7s. 6d. net).—Here in one volume are the eight books of Saki (H. H. Munro) whose type of humour is unique.

Diary of a Provincial Lady, by *E. M. Delafield* **(MacMillan. 7s. 6d. net).**—Miss Delafield keeps a note-book and completely gives away the peculiarities of the people she watches with such an analytical mind.



An excerpt from pages of "Pet Marjorie's" Diary which has been presented to the Scottish National Library. Pet Marjorie is probably the most precocious genius the world of letters has known within one hundred years. She was a protégée of Sir Walter Scott

LANSBURY'S LIDO! A vision by a humorous artist. The picture was conceived in 1858—before Mr. Lansbury was born—when Labour Cabinets were a Utopian dream—or nightmare!

EDISON'S TELEPHONOSCOPE (TRANSMITS LIGHT AS WELL AS SOUND).
(Every evening, before going to bed, Pater- and Materfamilias set up an electric camera-obscura over their bedroom mantel-piece, and gladden their eyes with the sight of their Children at the Antipodes, and converse gaily with them through the wire.)
Paterfamilias (in Wilton Place). "BEATRICE, COME CLOSER, I WANT TO WHISPER." Beatrice (from Ceylon). "YES, PAPA DEAR."
Paterfamilias. "WHO IS THAT CHARMING YOUNG LADY PLAYING ON CHARLIE'S SIDE?"
Beatrice. "SHE'S JUST COME OVER FROM ENGLAND, PAPA. I'LL INTRODUCE YOU TO HER AS SOON AS THE GAME'S OVER!"

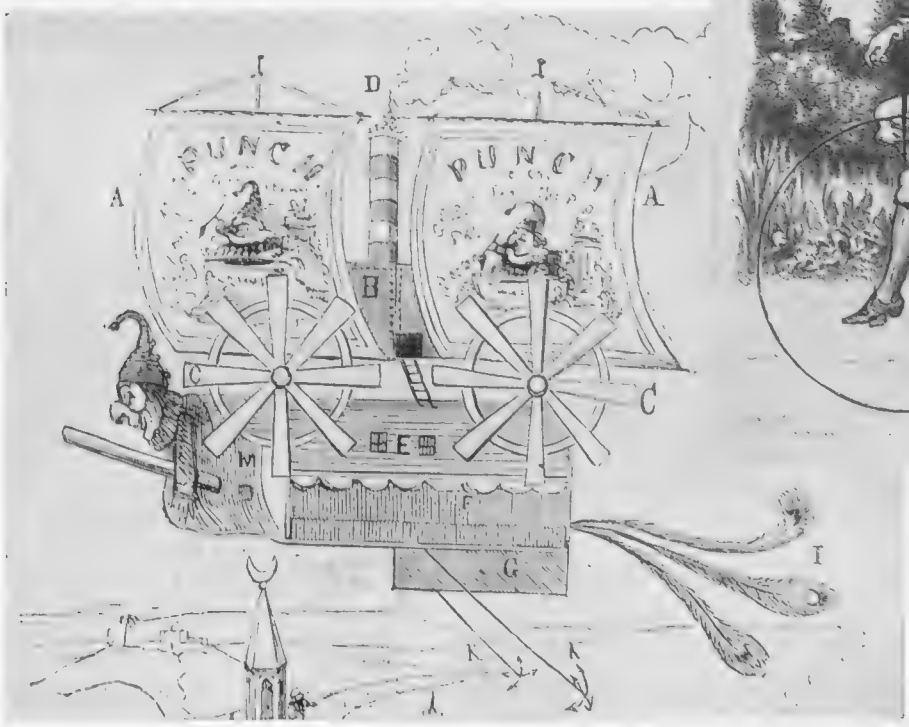
THE FORECAST OF TELEVISION: The visual and auditory telephone was thought of—in fantasy—in 1878. It is distinctly ironical to realize just how near we are to fulfilling the seemingly fatuous and fantastic prophecies of sixty years ago

MECHANICS IN SPORT
No. 4.—PNEUMATIC-DESPATCH-FOX-HUNTING COMPANY (LIMITED).

MECHANIZED SPORT: The electrically operated quarry now known to "The Dogs" was dreamed of in 1876. The Pneumatic Despatch Fox Hunting Co., Ltd., was the artist's happy title for the originators of the scheme

THE PILLION-BICYCLE.

THE BICYCLE MADE FOR TWO: A satire of 1875, which came to pass within twenty years, and is but the forerunner of the motoring pillion girl of to-day



STILL UNACHIEVED! Although flights to India are now faits accomplis, *we have not yet attained to the incredible pace hinted at by this mid-Victorian artist, of covering the journey in two hours*

The PROPHECIES *of* PUNCH

Specimens of Vernesque Prognostication Culled from Ancient Issues which Formed the Subject of a Recent Exhibition Held at the Offices of our Famous Comic Contemporary

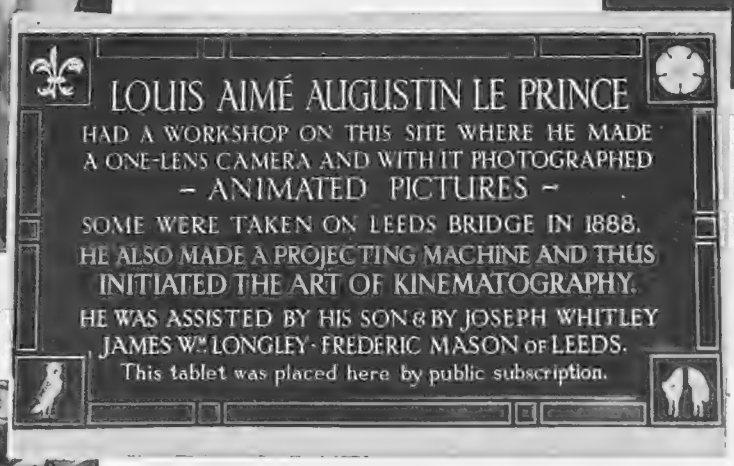
The First CINEMA CAMERA

The Historic Instrument Used by Louis Le Prince now on Exhibition in England

THE INTERIOR OF THE FIRST FILM CAMERA: *Miss Le Prince, the daughter of Louis Le Prince, is now in England and is here seen with the famous first camera*

The First Le Prince Cinema Films were Wound Round a Drum with Parchment Paper Behind the Film Itself. This paper is shown in position in the view on the left.

LOUIS AIMÉ AUGUSTIN LE PRINCE: *Le Prince was a handsome Victorian and wore the side whiskers of his period. His early work with the cinema camera was done in the eighties*

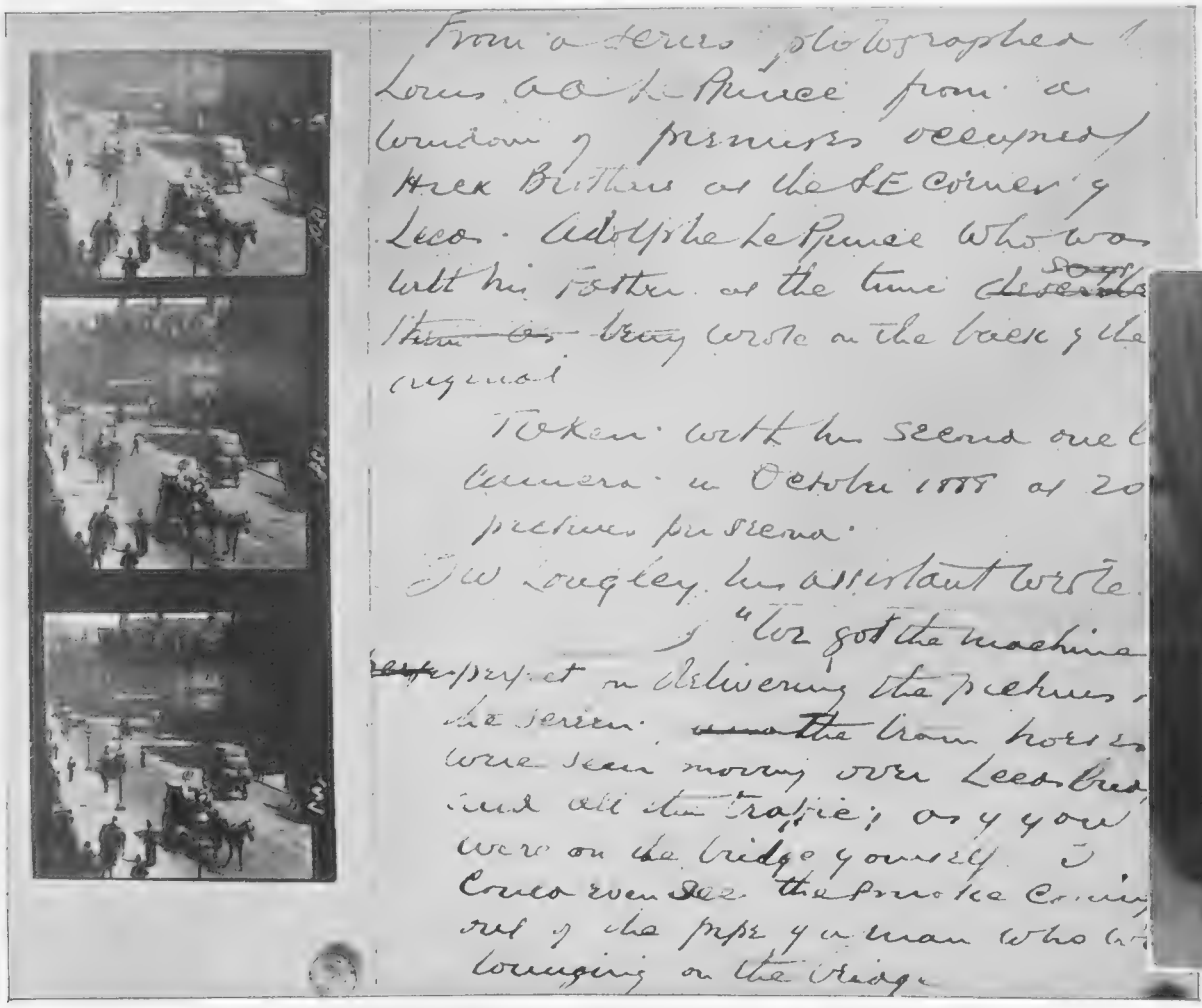


THE TABLET WHICH HAS BEEN ERECTED IN LEEDS *to commemorate the early cinema work of Louis Le Prince who took the first moving pictures ever taken in Leeds*

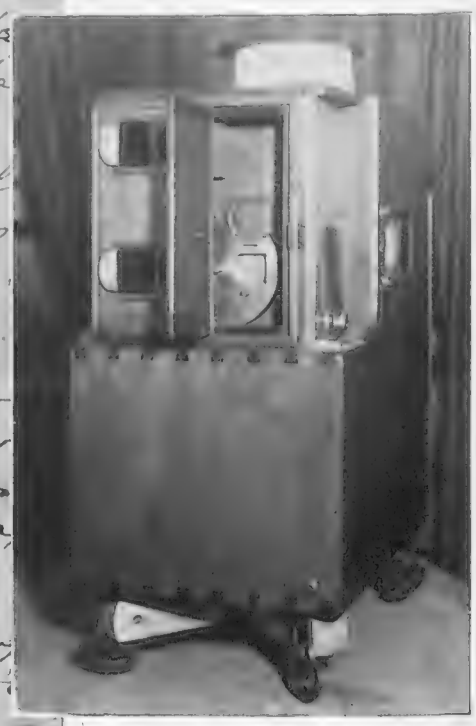
A TOMBSTONE IN ROUNDHAY CHURCH, LEEDS, *which incidentally proves that the early moving pictures in which Mrs. Whitley appeared were taken in the summer of 1888*

A very interesting memorial dealing with the making of the first moving pictures has just been unveiled in Leeds. It is to Louis Le Prince who, residing in Leeds during the 'eighties, went to America, returned to Leeds, and finally ended a curious career by disappearing in Paris, no trace of this inventive genius ever having been discovered by his wife or family. Miss Marie Le Prince, the daughter of the inventor, has returned to this country from New York especially for the unveiling ceremony, and with her she has brought the original apparatus used by her father. The camera is a large box-like machine, the upper portion containing the mechanism, the lower acting more or less as a stand for the camera. It was fitted with two lenses, one for close-up work and one for distant scenes. The spool, or drum, could be raised or lowered so as to come level with one or other of these lenses.

Miss Le Prince recounts how her father was always discussing the problem of moving pictures. He had a large family, and it was not until he moved to New York that he was enabled to make much progress with his invention. Miss Le Prince recalls how, when she was a child of fourteen in the early days at Leeds, she went to call her father to tea and pushing open the door of his sanctum, saw some moving figures on a white-washed wall. Her father hurriedly closed the door, but Miss Le Prince remarks, "I was certainly the first child to see a moving picture."



FIRST CINEMA PICTURES TAKEN OF LEEDS BRIDGE IN OCTOBER 1888: *Three of these historic exposures are seen on the left of this document, and on the right is a note referring to observations by Adolphe Le Prince son of the inventor, Louis Le Prince, who took the film with his second one-lens camera*



FRONT OF THE FIRST CINEMA CAMERA: *Used by Louis Le Prince. It shows the two lenses and shutters and one side of the face open.*

The LONDON STAGE

Recent Productions Reviewed in Pictures

"THE PASSIONATE PAVAN": Mlle. Lopokova and MM. Ashton and Turner in one of the ballets presented by the first named at the Arts Theatre Club in conjunction with Mr. A. L. Hashell and members of the University of Cambridge

THE PASSIONATE PAVAN: A moment from the ballet inspired by the lines of Thomas Campion (d. 1619)

"Follow your Saint, follow with accents sweet!
Haste you, sad notes, fall at her flying feet!
There, wrapped in cloud of sorrow, pity move,
And tell the ravisher of my soul, I perish for her love:
But, if she scorns my never ceasing pain,
Then burst with sighing in her sight and ne'er return again."

"TO SEE OURSELVES": Miss Marda Vanne, Miss Helen Spencer, Mr. Maurice Evans and Mr. Nicholas Hannen in the comedy by Miss E. M. Delafield, at the Ambassadors. Mr. Hannen is the dullest of dull husbands, Miss Vanne the most charming of charming wives: the other two are engaged

SISTERS: Miss Marda Vanne and Miss Helen Spencer in "To See Ourselves," the delightful comedy of marriages dull and sprightly at the Ambassador's Theatre with which the well-known novelist, Miss E. M Delafield, has successfully launched herself into a new medium

IN THE WAKE OF "YELLOW SANDS": A scene from "Jane's Legacy," the Eden Phillpotts play at the Duchess, which tends to prove that Devonshire has changed no jot in a century. That delicate actress Miss Louise Hampton in the title rôle and Mr. Frank Pettingall as the sergeant are seen above

LONG JOHN SILVER: Mr. Balliol Holloway in the revival of Treasure Island

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

A COMPLETE WEEKLY SECTION OF "THE SPHERE"
INCORPORATING A WIDE VARIETY OF FEMININE INTERESTS

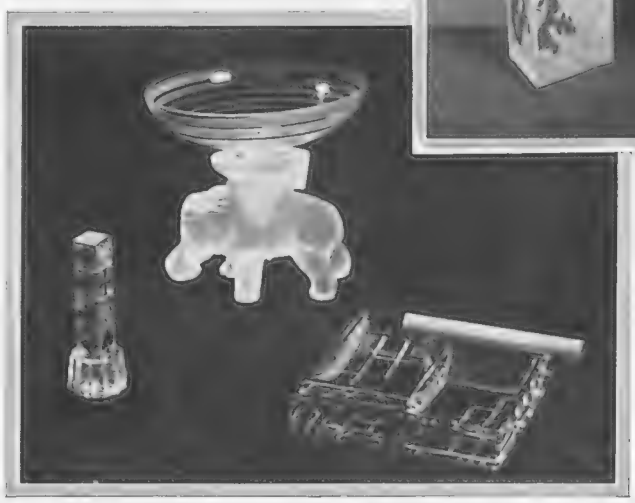
EMBELLISHMENTS *for* MY LADY NICOTINE

Accessories which Make Smoking not only a Habit but a Fine Art

Presents, whether birthday, anniversary, Christmas, or occasional, become more and more difficult to decide upon, perhaps because there is a wider range of suitable objects than there ever has been before, the utilitarian article being considered "gift-worthy" in a way that is symptomatic of this age.

Smokers, masculine or feminine, are easy people to bestow presents upon. There are always new ash-trays, cigarette boxes, and other smoking accessories to be found without a great deal of exploration. This table-lamp, for instance, of yellow craquelée faïence is also an ash-tray, a portmanteau idea that is practical as well as amusing. The shade is of yellow parchment bound with bright blue. By the side of this dual-natured lamp stands a holder for giant matches,

Yellow craquelée faïence lamp and ash-tray combined. Three-corner stand for giant matches in yellow and gold brocade, both from Harvey Nichols



An attractive cloudy glass elephant with crystal hand-painted ash tray and a glass cigarette-snuffer painted with red and black playing-card symbols. Both from Lawley's

covered in gold and yellow brocade to match the blotting-books and writing-table implements that can be obtained *en suite*.

The cloudy glass elephant bears upon his head a removable ash-tray of crystal hand-painted, with blue rings, and next to him is a glass cigarette-snuffer appropriately decorated for the bridge-table, a blessing to all those who dislike (with good reason) a smouldering cigarette-end.

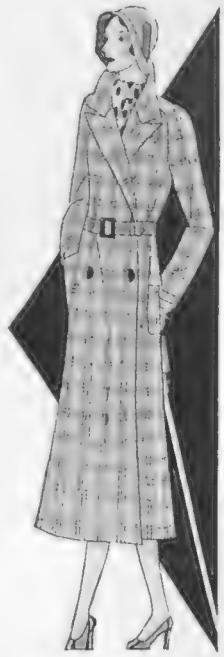
An alternative to the ordinary and ubiquitous silver cigarette-box seen recently lies in one which was made of black and silver lacquer, lined with hollywood and accompanied in elegance by a scarlet and black and egg-shell cigarette case lacquered on silver, and a cylindrical engine-turned silver box that, freed of its lid, surprisingly shoots up to reveal tiers of cigarettes. W. M. B.

SALE TIME SHOPPING

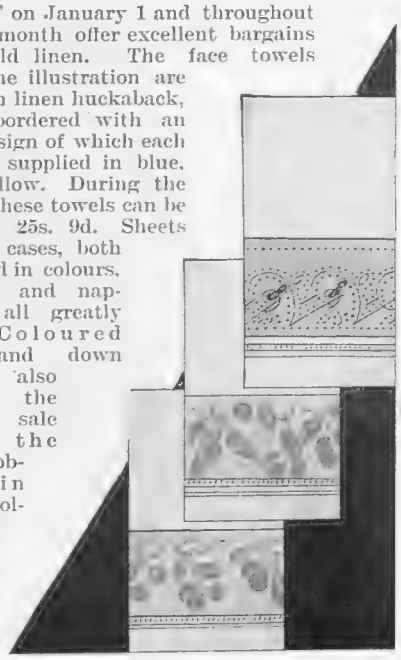
Swan and Edgar's winter sale commences on December 31 and continues through the month of January. Many attractive evening frocks will be sold at greatly reduced prices, and a large collection of outsize models at half price. The sketch on the left is chosen from a large selection of new model coats now to be purchased at half the season's usual prices; this particular design is carried out in a brown mixed tweed and trimmed with large collar and cuffs of nutria lamb. It costs only 98s. 6d.

After the rush of Christmas and the New Year festivities, even the most comprehensive wardrobe is bound to show visible signs of wear and tear, and in hard times such as we live in every woman will make practical use of sale time. On December 31 Marshall and Snelgrove's winter sale commences. There you may buy the most luxurious-looking winter coats at extremely moderate prices or perhaps you are going south then a *chic* tennis frock, which costs only 39s. 6d., would be a useful purchase, or for the cold days of England, a practical day frock carried out in wool georgette at 94s. 6d., to mention only a few of the attractions. And remember it will soon be "going back to school" time, so do not forget to pay a visit to the children's department.

The very smart belted tweed overcoat which you see on the right comes from Burberrys of Haymarket, and during their January sale which commences on December 29 this coat costs only 4 guineas. This model was chosen as being typical of the many wonderful bargains which are included in Burberrys sale catalogue. Last-minute purchases for one's winter sports equipment, valuable additions to one's golfing or shooting outfit can all be made at equally moderate prices.

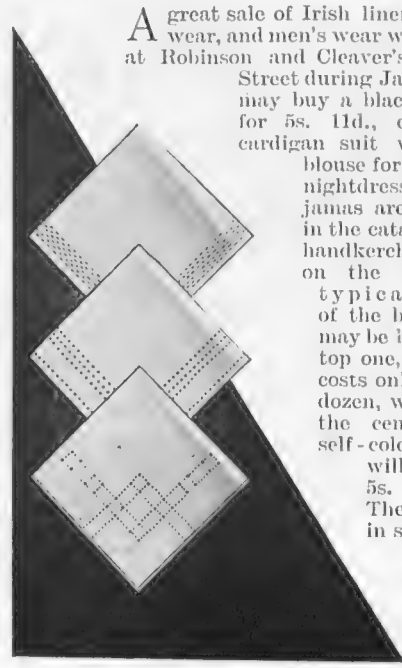


Walpoles' on January 1 and throughout the month offer excellent bargains in household linen. The face towels shown in the illustration are of pure Irish linen huckaback, they are bordered with an effective design of which each one can be supplied in blue, pink, or yellow. During the sale six of these towels can be bought for 25s. 9d. Sheets and pillow cases, both in white and in colours, table-cloths and napkins are all greatly reduced. Coloured blankets and down quilts are also shown in the illustrated sale catalogue; the former, obtainable in various colours, costs only 37s. 6d. for single bed size and 62s. 6d. for double bed.



Liberty's annual sale, commencing on Monday, December 29, affords excellent opportunity for those who wish to buy at clearance sale prices, odd lengths of beautiful dress and furnishing materials. Cretonne, of exclusive designs, are obtainable at 1s. 3d. per yard; Persian rugs, which originally cost as much as 130s., are now reduced to 50s.; real silk and cotton damask, suitable for curtains, 50 in. wide, is now priced at 13s. 9d. a yard. A selection of Liberty's model evening gowns, cloaks, and smocked dresses is also included in the sale. There is, too, a choice of stitched velvet hats in beautiful colours, in all fittings, price 12s. 11d., and a number of felts, straws, and printed linen hats. An illustrated leaflet of these will be sent post free on application.

A great sale of Irish linens, of ladies' wear, and men's wear will take place at Robinson and Cleaver's of Regent Street during January. You may buy a black *moiré* bag for 5s. 11d., or a tweed cardigan suit with tuck-in blouse for 63s. Dainty nightdresses and pyjamas are also shown in the catalogue. The handkerchiefs shown on the left are a typical example of the bargains that may be bought. The top one, school size, costs only 3s. 9d. per dozen, whilst that in the centre (ladies' self-coloured linen) will be sold for 5s. per dozen. The lower one in sheer linen is sold at 3s. 9d. per dozen—half the usual price.



Contrasting WALLS

Ways and Means in Mural Decoration

By KATHRINE MORRISON

In this hall, executed by Boris Anrep, one experiences the illusion of being in a courtyard surrounded by houses. The illusion is strengthened by the texture of the walls, which is rough grey plaster

Rooms where each wall tells a different story are not a modern invention. There are plenty of historical precedents. Most striking of these were tapestry-hung halls where each wall portrayed some episode of a legend or a battle. Equally impressive were the mural frescoes which adorned so many Italian palaces. Panelling, too, was often treated in such a way that all four walls differed.

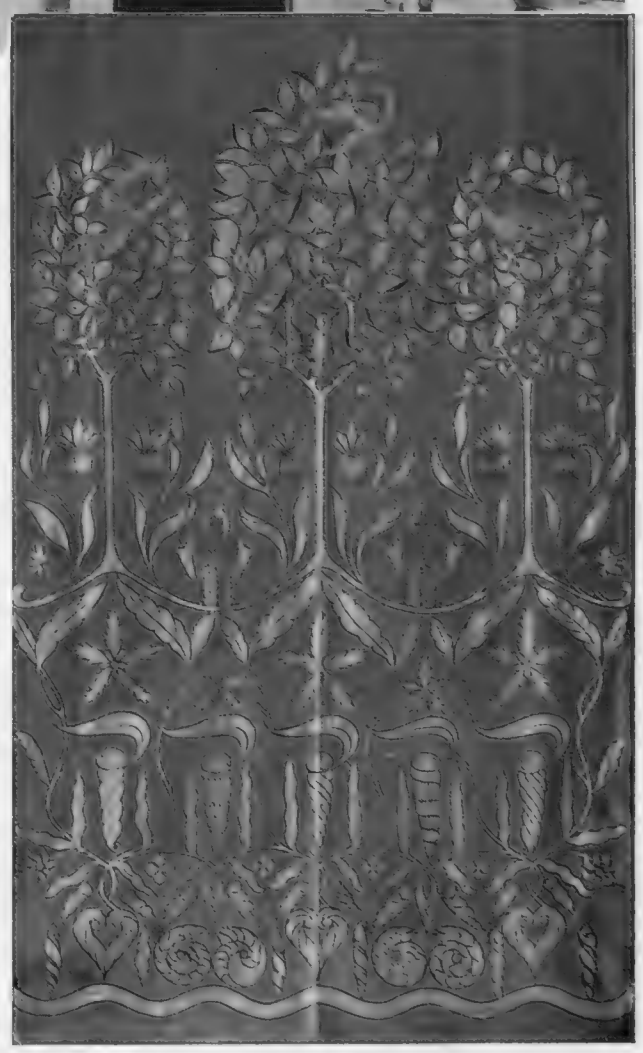
Nowadays the wide range of new materials and processes opens up alluring possibilities in the way of contrasting walls. Most entertaining of these are scenic walls carried out either in wall-paper or mural paintings. Of course the latter give greater scope to originality. They are necessarily rather a sumptuous type of decoration only suited, generally speaking, to certain kinds of rooms. In these scenic walls it is relatively easy to preserve a sense of underlying unity, for although the pictorial episodes may vary in content, they are knit together by the same backgrounds and the same pigments. This juxtaposition of opposites calls for the exercise of considerable artistic sensibility. Certain combinations, however daring, are nevertheless very effective. One is the alliance of plain or engraved glass walls with fabrics. Naturally these fabrics should be rich both in colour and texture. Glass walls could also be used in conjunction with fresco paintings. Walls covered with cork plates or the simpler types of limed oak, or ply-wood panelling, could be offset by walls hung with modernist fabrics.

THE WORLD of WOMEN — (cont.)

The Horse Guards in vermillion and silver form an attractive wall decoration. The scheme was completed by Mrs. Thomas, whom you see here in a flat in Grosvenor House

On right—The Orient has furnished the inspiration for this wall with its trio of strange, threatening, and mirthful figures painted by Mary Maitland. It forms one side of a bed-sitting-room

AN IDEA FOR OUTSIDE WALLS: A decoration executed by the Hon. Mrs. Gordon Ives who decorates brick walls with fascinating landscapes,



A POEM IN BUFF AND SILVER: A beautifully hand-painted leather curtain or wall hanging one of a pair designed and executed by Mrs. Randall Wells

THINGS *as they* ARE

A Study in Realism

By K. KEITH

(Author of *A Broken Toy*, etc.)

(*Continued from p. 600*)

die with her ideals unbroken and unmarred. She should never know to what depths her darling had descended: "I am a beast," she cried, "but if you mix with rich people you must do as they do. I thought Luke was a rich man. He gave me such lovely presents. . . ."

"The pearls and the emerald pendant have been in the Charteris family for years . . . for generations. They are always passed on to the eldest son's bride on her wedding-day."

Relief had come, but relief in such strange guise that she hardly recognized it.

VI.

But the notice in the papers appeared, and the world duly learned that Mr. Luke Charteris was no longer responsible for his wife's debts. She could never forgive him. He had paid her debts but she felt that she owed him no thanks. Later . . . she cherished thoughts of reprisals. But while the old mother lived her hands were tied. She could never forget the overwhelming debt she owed her . . . the delicacy, the solicitude she had shown. Cyril Stuart, as a danger, was no longer existent and she had learned a lesson.

She took up the old social life but in a very modified form. She no longer swam among the brass pots but found herself among the earthen which she found of fair interest. Some new quality had entered her life. She had learned to love the gentle old presence in the house and would have bitterly resented any suggestion of departure.

But the end was coming—coming fast. Day by day old Mrs. Charteris faded. "It won't be much longer now, darling. I am glad. I am very tired."

"What shall we do without you?" Betty's voice was broken. This frail personality stood an intangible presence between husband and wife, preserving each from disaster by force of an adored woman who triumphed through weakness. When she went . . . "You are very young, Betty. Youth makes such terrible mistakes. You find it hard to forgive Luke. After all, he has been very patient." The tired old voice trailed into silence.

"He monopolizes the judgment seat," said Betty scornfully, "An unhappy genius once referred very bitterly to people who monopolized the judgment seat when they ought to be apologizing in the dock." She stopped short. She couldn't say it. In a little while she would be free to say what she liked.

Luke had come into the room and the old woman's eyes rested lovingly on him: "Well, old lady, how are you this evening?" In his hand he carried a large sheaf of pink tulips. It was a long time, now, since he had given Betty any flowers, but he never forgot his mother. The dim blue eyes lit up: "How lovely! They bring Spring into the room . . ." The far rose of the painted west threw a brilliant spear of colour across her face and Betty saw it change . . . "Betty . . . Luke . . . forgive . . ." What was she gasping? "I had to have money . . . I would have put things right if I could . . ." Her head slipped back.

VII.

"I can't forgive her, Betty. I can't. I suspected you and she knew it . . ." He drew a long, shuddering breath. "I loved her, I was a good son to her. I believed in her, I trusted her as I trust God. She stood to me for all I revere in a woman."

"When did you first find out?" asked Betty slowly.

"When I took the pendant to be repaired the jeweller commented on the excellence of the paste. Fortunately, I kept my head. I asked my mother when I got home if she had ever heard of any—any substitution, but she knew nothing. She thought that under the stress of difficulties you might have been tempted. God forgive me! I knew you were always short of money. I used to wonder how she managed on her tiny means. She was always fond of pretty things."

"I suspected you, and she knew it," sighed Betty, "but *I* have forgiven her."

"Betty, you don't know what it means when the ideal of a life-time lies shattered."

Fear crept into her pleading eyes. "Never idealize me, Luke.

"Can you ever forgive me?" he asked humbly.

"If you forgive her," she whispered.

"As I hope to be forgiven. Betty . . . Betty . . ."

The SPHERE of TRAVEL

IN A SETTING OF EXQUISITE BEAUTY: Mentone with its piled-up roofs nestles picturesquely on the hilly shores of the azure Mediterranean

MENTONE :: A Glory of the French Riviera

At Mentone they bid you sweep the eye over a charming panorama of land and sea and observe that it is an unsullied produce of the Creator. Partly this is prompted by native pride in a setting of exquisite beauty; partly, however, it is a subtle reflection on those sections of the Riviera where the hand of man has sought, with not a litttle success, to make amends for the neglect of nature.

Mentone is, I believe, a French possession. One assumes this from the uniforms of the *gendarmerie*, the existence of an Hôtel de Ville, the currency, and the volume of taxation imposed on visitors. But I confess that the flagrant manner in which it has been annexed by the British (more particularly by the Scots), borders on the scandalous.

STARRED WITH FLOWERS: A general view of Mentone

One hears little spoken but the English tongue, the tradesman having restricted space whereon to announce his calling, labels himself "Grocer, Hairdresser, or Dressmaker," in preference to *Epicerie*, *Coiffeur*, or *Modiste*, and the bystander you request to *vous indiquer l'hôtel Blanc* invariably replies that it is "around the second turning and up the hill."

The Americans have not yet annexed Mentone—possibly because it is comparatively small and insufficiently expensive. You find instead people more or less in search of the sun, others dodging Old Man Snowden, many stinting themselves that they may send their sons to public schools—like yourself; some scions of the heart of England, excellent company, and a gladsome relief from Society, where pounds and dollars count for more than mere culture. A millionaire would be as out of place in Mentone as a pauper in Monte Carlo.

Given luck with the weather—the sun does not always shine upon it, and the Riviera can on occasions put up an east wind as biting as the North Sea variety,

Mentone is a delectable spot; a delightful township sheltered from the north by verdant hills, lying on a sandy shore lapped by a sea almost as blue as it appears on the picture postcards. True, its gardens cannot compare for grandeur with those of richer neighbours, or for that matter with those of Torquay or Bournemouth; but they are pleasing withal and cheering signs of summer in winter-time, there flourish on the hillsides masses of violets, oranges and lemons, vines, and a profusion of vegetation that transports us far from the dull skies of old England.

Excursions, of course, every day and everywhere. A few minutes plus a few francs take you to Monte Carlo; Nice and Cannes can be done between breakfast and dinner; the trips through the mountains to the golf at Sospel and other points of interest should not be missed. And there, just around the bay, lies the Italian frontier whence, after a summary inspection by black-shirted Fascisti and picturesque Carabinieri, you can pass to Bordighera, Alassio, San Remo, and other stars of the Ligurian firmament.

Back again, and if the spirit so moves you, on to the casino—no mere gambling-den this, but a pleasant rendezvous where for a modest *entrée* you may dance, watch a show, or try your luck at "tables" where, if fortunes are rarely won, they are seldom lost.

The Mentone Casino would not shock even the pre-War conscience; it is one of the features peculiar to the smaller Riviera towns, with gambling as the least of its attractions. And it is reserved for the most part for "visitors only."

And so to England. It has been good to loaf in the sunshine under the bluest of skies, to taste July in dull December, to escape awhile from dark days and damp. But it it no less good to be home again.

C. P.

"THE SPHERE" TRAVEL BUREAU

Readers are reminded that "The Sphere" Travel Bureau is always at their disposal to help them to choose a suitable holiday for any time of the year. This bureau will readily provide details of fares, routes, hotels, resorts, etc., by return of post. Each request has personal care and attention, and the advice given is entirely unbiased. All requests are answered free, but 3d. in stamps is required to cover postage of booklets, etc. Address your inquiry to:

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The PETROL World

By A. Percy Bradley

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands; Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere")

A SAD STATE OF AFFAIRS.— In my notes last week I referred to a short visit to the Continent which I made quite recently. In this country we look upon the British motor trade as a colossal and ever-growing industry. We have watched with the greatest satisfaction how our own manufacturers have ousted out the foreign-made article. We have patted ourselves on the back, and we have naturally felt proud of this achievement. As a result of my visit I must say my views on the British motor trade have had to be readjusted. In Paris I saw five or six Rolls-Royces; in Cologne no British cars at all; in Berlin two Rolls-Royces, one Morris Cowley of uncertain age, a Triumph with a Gordon-England saloon body; in Amsterdam no British cars; and at The Hague two Rolls-Royces. In France the Austin Seven, which is built in the country and is known as the Rosengart, and in Germany the same car but known as the Dixie, are to be seen in goodly numbers and apparently are the subject of the same type of jokes as is the Austin Seven over here. That is the result of seventeen days' careful observation, and I think every reader must agree with me that so far as the Continent is concerned the British motor trade is practically non-existent. I would like to ask the leaders of the industry in this country why this sad state of affairs should exist. There are distinct signs that Sir Herbert Austin has been busy, for it is easy to see that the Austin Seven is immensely popular in France and Germany. The car is small, but I am glad to say that it is one of the most satisfactory automobiles that have ever been designed, and so it is a real credit to Great Britain. I think, however, that the French and the Germans would be equally satisfied if they could buy an Austin Sixteen or a Twenty, even if it was sold to them under a different name.

WHERE IS THE BRITISH ARTICLE?— I would like to ask Sir William Morris how it is that I did not see any of his cars, either in the cities or in the countries I visited. Where were the Rileys, the Singers, the Hillmans, the Humbers, the Rovers, or any of our other popular British cars? Can the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders tell me why the British motor trade has not gone into the foreign markets? I do not pretend to know, but I will not be satisfied with any statement which endeavours to persuade me that the import duties into these countries are so high that our cars cannot be sold, because I have seen Minervas from Belgium, Citroëns and Renaults from France, and Fiats from Italy in goodly numbers in Germany, and of course in France Minervas, Fiats, and Mercédès all enjoy a considerable amount of popularity. In Holland all these cars are sold, and in all three countries every conceivable make of American car is to be seen in thousands. Now if these foreign cars can be sold in other continental countries other than that in which they are made, I cannot understand why the British article cannot filter through in the same way. If all these manufacturers can climb over the tariff wall surely we can do the same. I know for certain the Germans are more friendly to us than they are to the French or the Belgians, and so our task should not at any rate be more difficult.

I do not want to be told that because we have a horse-power tax in this country our cars are unsuitable for the countries I have mentioned, because I have seen the small Fiats and thousands of Citroëns running about Germany and Holland, and I have also, as I have mentioned before, noticed how popular the Austin Seven is in these foreign lands.

ENTERPRISE LACKING. — What makes the position all the more galling for a Britisher visiting, say, Berlin, is that every American car, many of them almost unheard of in this country, have the most palatial showrooms in the German capital. The Belgian Minerva, the Italian Fiat, and the French Citroën are likewise installed, but I did not see a solitary British motor-car in a showroom. Citroëns are not content with one very imposing building in the Unter den Linden, but have blossomed out into even more palatial headquarters in the Kurfurstendamm. Fords have a very attractive showroom in the Unter den Linden, where they had on view the millionth Ford vehicle to be used in Germany. That exhibit alone shows what a tremendous business can be done even in one Continental country.

Holland, with its narrow, dangerous roads, either on top of dykes or with water on either side, seems a country particularly suitable for the small British-made motor-car. It is as flat as a pancake, which is another advantage so far as we are concerned, yet even in that country I did not see an Austin Seven, a Morris Minor, or a Singer Junior. I would imagine that the sales of such cars could be very great if they were introduced, but at the moment Holland seems to be given over entirely to the American motor trade, and the roads swarm with these vehicles and millions of pedal-cycles, a goodly number of which are, I am glad to say, made in this country.

I wish it to be understood quite clearly that I have not made any thorough investigation and that my remarks are based entirely on observations; there may be some excellent reason why we are, for all practical purposes, unrepresented in these parts of the world. I am sure, however, that all Britishers would like to be told why.

ROYAL APPRECIATION: Prince Leopold (on right), the heir to the Belgian throne, recently visited the Brussels Motor Exhibition. He is seen in conversation with Messrs. Rootes' continental representative on the Humber-Hillman stand. The continental activities of Messrs. Rootes prove a notable exception to the fallacy stigmatized by Mr. Bradley in the accompanying article

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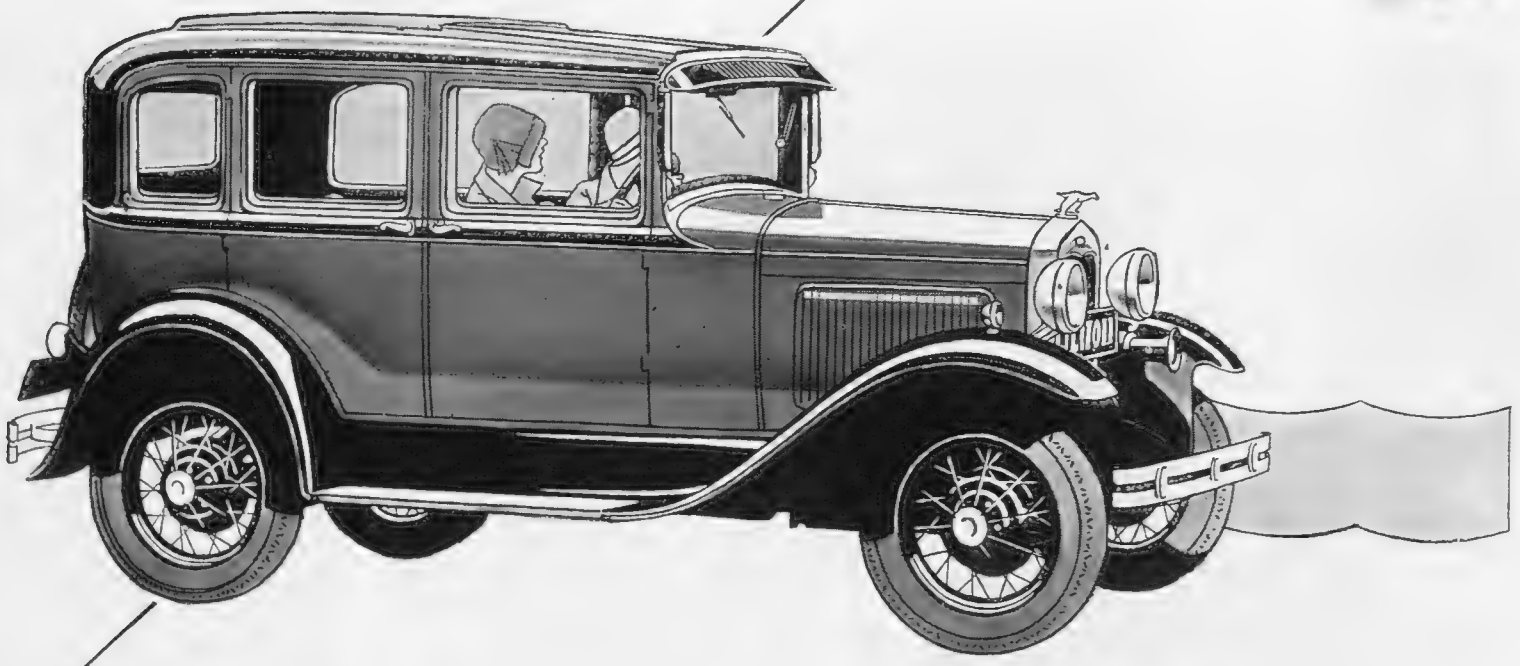

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Tasting ETERNITY

An Impression of the Latin Play at Westminster

By AN IGNORANT PARENT

My first Latin play at Westminster. I felt a new thrill in life was to be savoured.

There were many cars parked in Dean's Yard as I passed into the old-world charm of Little Dean's Yard; another moment and I was shedding my wrap, wondering anxiously if my sartorial efforts would find favour in the critical eyes of modern youth—more particularly in one special pair of eyes. Up and down some mysterious stairways and I am entering the famous dormitory, after an anxious moment of indecision as to whether I am really to accept the proffered arm of an awe-inspiring King's scholar.

Under the built-up seats I proudly pass with my escort until the stage is in front of us. More resplendent scholars, all over gowns and white gloves, show me into the seat for which I look suitable—at least I could gather no other reason for the decision—and I have actually arrived. I am waiting to see my first Latin play at Westminster.

More and more parents—greater people in gowns—we are getting very crowded and pleasantly warm—the Headmaster takes the great seat of honour in front—the play is about to begin,

Out before the curtain steps a perfect example of a scholar—with eyes fixed on futurity he begins an exquisitely intoned recitation:

"Meam tuam hoc spiram
Regam nolam hearam
Hoc super item. . . ."

His memory is wonderful—never a prompt—and it goes on for a long time.

The curtain up at last—a street scene in Appulia, but it is too dark for me to see the programme now, and I had been too excited before—never mind, I shall soon guess from the acting. Quite a nice lot of Roman or Greek citizens, and all, or sometimes only some, of them busy talking:

"Meam tuam hoc spiram
Claudia regia portuis
Meam tuam Julia
No spectam circum. . . ."

It must be about eleven o'clock—no, not so late as that, because, of course, there is to be an interval.

"Casa bella toca Meta
Fors tuis meam tecum."

Oh, that is evidently a joke; what one misses by not knowing Latin—a very funny joke, provoking much merriment—it starts at the back and spreads gallantly to the front.

Ah, the interval. I wonder what Claudia and Julia were really up to?

An interior—some of the citizens, very talkative now—more gesticulating:

"Fuas mi Claudius
Noam toam soam
Hoc bellum cautuis portuis.."

Away they go—how clever of the actors to have learnt so much. But a pause, a fresh thrill, the first prompt in a clear voice. On they go, entirely revived—

"Triam criam mea culpa
Julia hulia culia . . ."

Can it really still be the same evening on which the play started?

"Hoc nogan slogan
Tibia fibia, hidia . . ."

The actors still pour out the unceasing flow, and yes, another very amusing incident—much appreciation by the audience. If only I could see my watch. I must have been here a week; how is it I am not more hungry?

"Monumentum ad super
Meam tuam suam
Julia Claudia. . . ."

No, I couldn't have heard that last bit right. But never mind, everyone is moving. The play has been the usual huge success, and to-morrow I shall see in the paper what play it was; I should never dare ask.

BOOKS *Reviewed*

By CECIL ROBERTS

(Continued from p. 604)

exhibition, though I much prefer to be delighted, as by the Italian Exhibition. Here is a little book, *Persian Painting*, by Mulk Raj Anand (Faber and Faber. 1s.), that gives a succinct history of Persian art. It is clearly written, without any lapses into that strange jargon which art critics invent for their own delight. The same merit characterizes another book, *Persian Painting*, by Basil Gray (Benn. 6s. 6d.). With these two books the amateur can gain a comprehensive, if loose, conception of the growth of Persian art from its earliest Abbasid period, through the Mongolian influence, to its maturity in the work of Bihzad.

A book which is slowly winning through to deserved appreciation is Thomas Bell's *Equestrian Portrait* (Eyre & Spottiswoode. 7s. 6d.). It is a little forbidding at first, but gradually the splendour of it breaks upon one like the gloom of an old cathedral. It is informed throughout with the agnostic spirit towards life, and yet there is a zest which usually runs with the fanaticism of faith. Mr. Bell feels that the pulse of life is getting weak in us. We have reached a stage of such absolute tolerance that nothing matters much, and we are weakly acquiescent in all things.

> "Our gentlemen are not men of horseback but taxpayers and husbands, humble vertebrates in the backbone of the nation; our women are anemic, unbeautiful, and tragically our equals. For we have given hostages to fortune. We have listened to our priests and to our wives, and they—supreme evangelists of the sensible, worldly word, hucksters of pottages—have made us believe that life is not a pleasure but a duty. And drearily, computing the net value of each step each day, we moil toward paradise or a mansion on the square."

This book almost gives a new form to the novel. If I mention in connection with it *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*, it is not because it has anything in common with the subject or manner of that distinguished book, but because the author has a patience and an independence, warmed with tranquil beauty and the glow of his emotion, which give his work the same sense of classical detachment. The closing epistolatory chapter is a prose poem, unconsciously beautiful.

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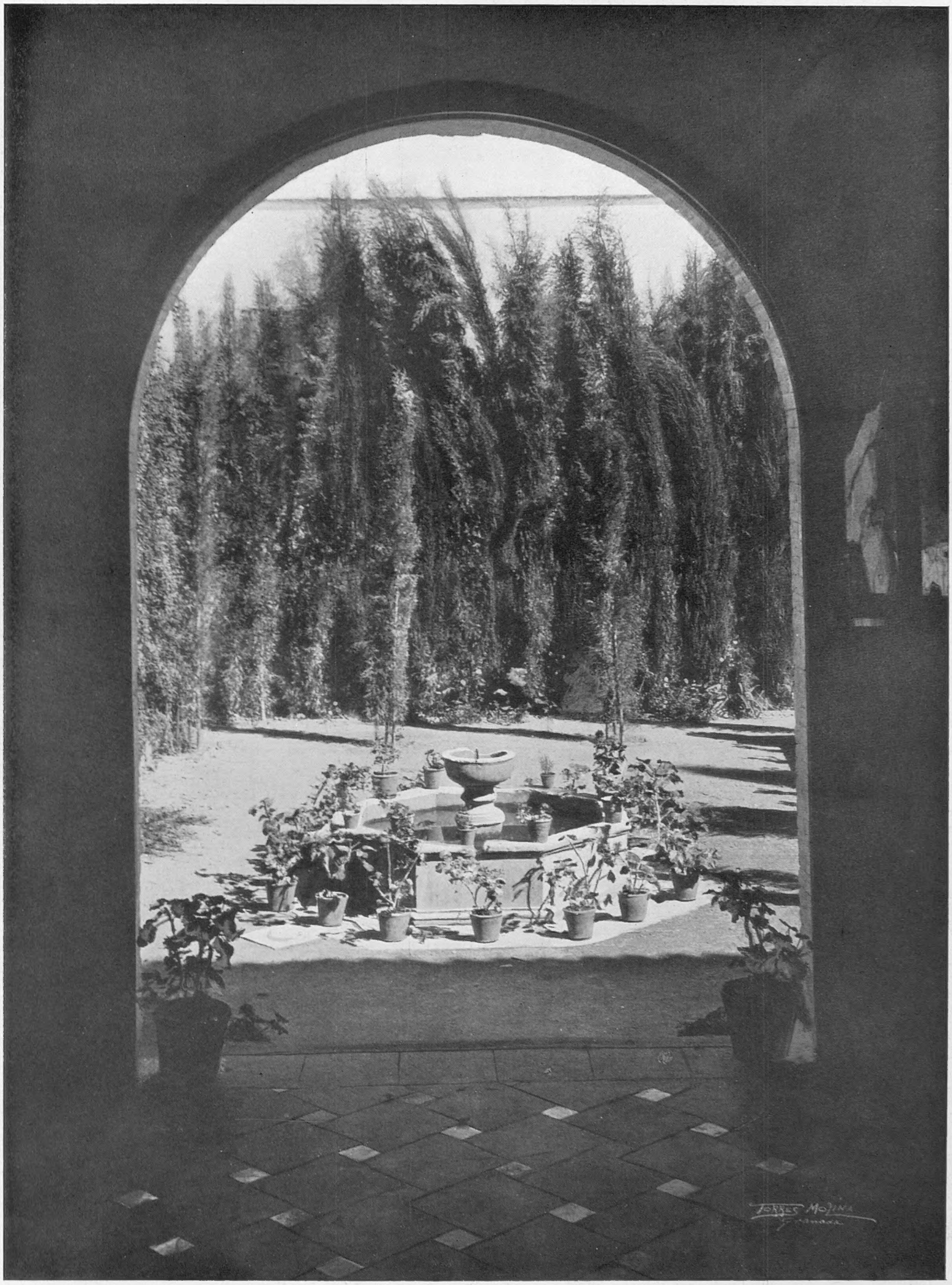


Garden of the "Casa de los Tiros," of the Patronato Nacional del Turismo (Spanish National Tourist Association) at Granada (Spain).

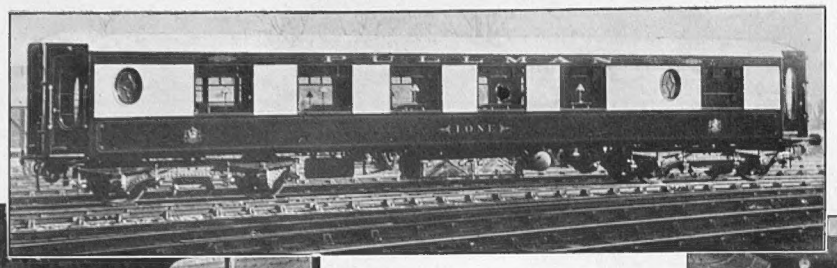
DO NOT MISS THE OPPORTUNITY OF VISITING SUNNY SPAIN THIS WINTER . . . THE LAND OF ROMANCE, ART AND HEALTH RESORTS. YOU WILL NEVER FORGET IT IF YOU DO, AND YOU WOULD NEVER FORGIVE YOURSELF IF YOU KNEW WHAT YOU WERE MISSING. MODERN ACCOMMODATION SUITED TO EVERY BUDGET.

For all Information and Literature apply to the Spanish National Tourist Board Offices at Paris, 12 Boulevard de la Madeleine; New York, 695 Fifth Avenue; Rome, 9 Via Condotti; Munich, 6 Residenzstrasse; Buenos Aires, Veinticinco de Mayo, 158; Gibraltar, 63-67 Main Street. At London and other cities apply to Thos. Cook & Son's and Wagons Lits Agencies, or any other Travel Agency.

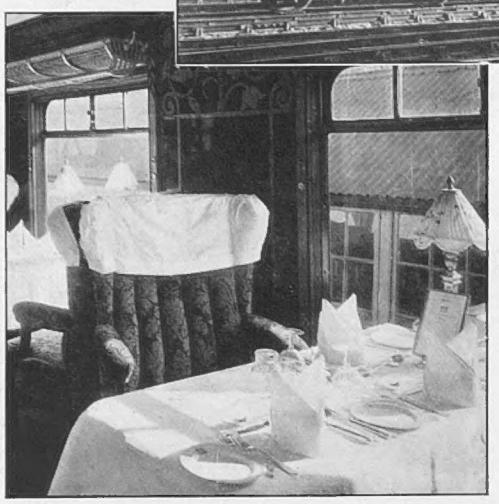
NOTES and NEWS

PARLOUR CARS

The Southern Railway has come to the decision to incorporate in its boat trains from Waterloo to Southampton parlour cars of a new, safer, and more comfortable type. The vehicles embody many improvements, the principal being that the shells are built entirely of steel; the underframe is constructed as an integral part of the body. The floors are of dovetail corrugated steel on which is laid a fireproof material which, in turn, is covered with rubber and carpets, forming a rigid and sound deadening floor. Externally the cars are of handsome appearance, being finished in the Pullman standard colours, umber and cream, relieved with gold lines and scroll decoration; the kitchen cars, *Evadne* and *Loraine*, for instance, are twenty seaters; *Ursula* and *Lucille* are parlour cars of twenty-four seats; and the decorations, carpets, and colour schemes, although all are equally pleasing, show a marked variation.



THE PARLOUR CAR: The exterior of one of the new Southern Railway Pullmans



A KITCHEN CAR: The most comfortable dining-car yet devised is the type adopted by the Southern Railway

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SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

The universal popularity of Scotch whisky at this season makes Ambassador particularly attractive as a gift. The connoisseur can sip it as an elegant liqueur, while the regular consumer will instantly appreciate in Ambassador a whisky mellowed by age and of outstanding flavour and bouquet. A safe gift to give any friend in view of its usefulness and the wideness of its appeal.

BOLLINGER'S CHAMPAGNE

Though it must be admitted that the London season of 1930 has suffered somewhat through the general depression, there seems to have been no lack of appreciation of Bollinger's Special Cuvée by the general public. A high-class wine that has won its way to favour by sheer merit, it is invariably in evidence at social and sporting functions of every kind. Whether it be at a wedding reception, a hunt ball or breakfast, a race-course meeting, or other festive gathering, Bollinger's Special Cuvée is always welcome. A delicate wine of rare elegance, the connoisseur will find it satisfies the most fastidious taste, while it has the additional merit of being moderate in price.

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MR. GERALD PRING, who plays lead in "Almost a Honeymoon," the successful farce at the Garrick. This is Mr. Pring's first big part in the West End, and in it he has scored a definite personal triumph

SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

1931 is drawing near. Will you make a New Year resolution to send a gift to the Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship to assist in the great work of training poor boys and girls to become good and useful citizens of the Empire. The Society is making a special appeal for £5,000 which is needed to complete the purchase of Esher Place, Esher, which the Society has acquired as a Home for 180 girls, and to adapt the house for its new use. The Society is always maintaining 1,100 children in its various Homes and in the Training Ship *Arethusa*. All gifts will be gratefully received by the General Secretary, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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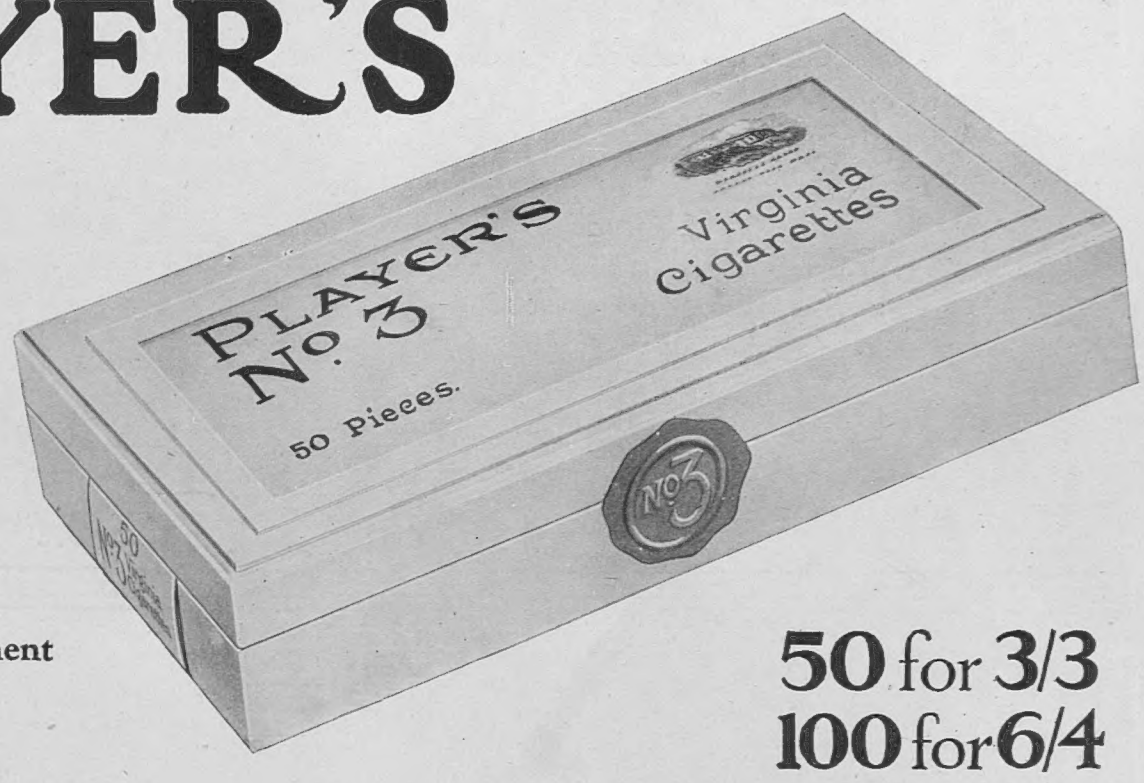

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